

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## PACKING THE GREAT SHIP

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### HIS WORK GOES ON

#### THE OLD PRIEST AND HIS TEMPLE

Much Loved Figure Passes  
From the Life of Limehouse

#### HIS REQUIEM IN HIS NEW CHURCH

A much loved figure in Limehouse has passed away in extraordinarily sad circumstances.

Old Father Higley, a Roman Catholic priest who was building his people a new church, has died at 72, just as its doors were opened. Hundreds of people had been thinking of him, praying for him, longing for his life to be spared so that he might see the crown set on his life's endeavour.

For 46 years Father Higley had laboured in the East End. The prime and strength of his manhood were given to the work. To him the world was a great place where great things were to be done.

Everywhere around him he saw need for improvements, schools to be built, young people to be cared for, the sick poor tended. He flung himself into the labour before him, raising large sums of money, becoming a hardened beggar for alms for Christ and His poor.

#### Friend of the Children

Several schools were built, largely because Father Higley saw the great and overpowering need for them. He grew down, as it were, right into the roots of the parish, becoming part of its strength and foundations.

He became the dear friend of the children. People of all classes sought him out. Whatever doors were shut his was always open.

Old age came upon him; his hair grew white. When he was over sixty, coming to an age at which most men might think they had earned the right to retire from work and tread gently the path that leads to rest, Father Higley began his endeavours all over again.

He decided that he must have a new church for his growing parish. He must have £10,000 to build it with.

#### A Magnetic Power

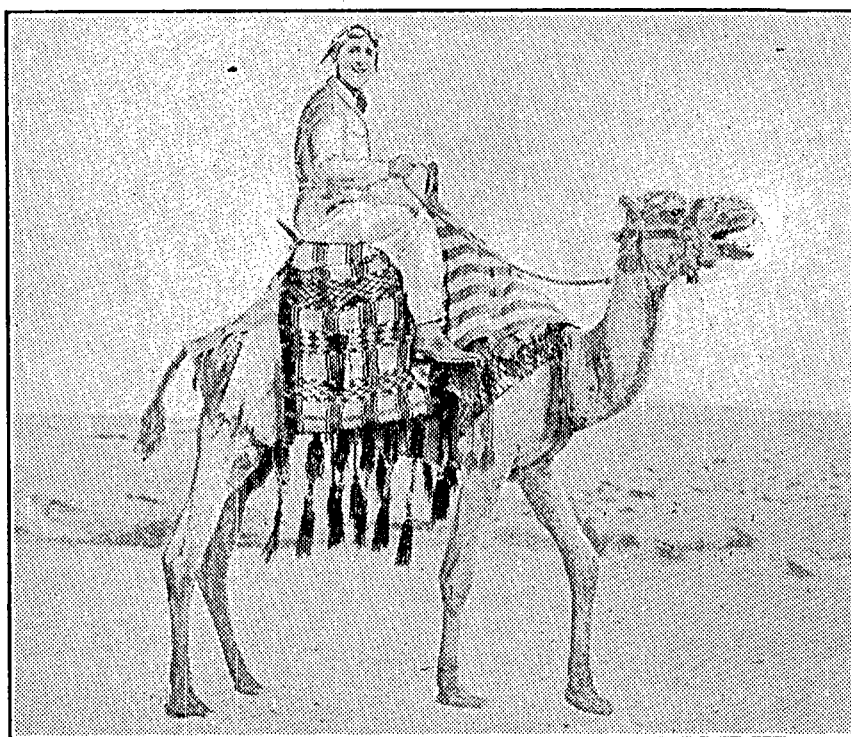
By his own untiring efforts, his organisation, and the work of friends and helpers whom he inspired, the money was got together, and the site chosen in Commercial Road, Limehouse.

Seven years ago he drove the pick into the soil, started on the foundations. He had half a dozen men to help him. The parish got used to the sight of their priest working like a mason, a carpenter, a foreman, anything that was wanted. He had the magnetic power which makes people willing to toil in accordance with a man's wishes.

The people began to take an immense pride in their growing church.

Two years ago, when he was reasonably in sight of the goal of his dearest

### The Camels Are Coming



Jack Hulbert pilots the ship of the desert



An Arab and His Steed—Jack Hulbert in his new Gainsborough film *The Camels Are Coming*. Some of the scenes for this picture have been taken in Egypt

labour, the last labour of love of a long life, illness seized the heroic frame of Father Higley. He was obliged to resign his post as master builder and everybody's help. He found a contractor who would carry out the rest.

Great was the grief of his people to see him laid aside. They heard of operations performed on him, that the doctors were fighting for his life. The doctors kept him alive for two years. They knew he wanted to see the doors of his church thrown open, to welcome his people to their new spiritual home, to say the first Mass at the new altar.

But death was knocking at Father Higley's door; death knocked again and again, and would not be denied. A few hours after the church was finished Father Higley passed to his well merited rest through the shining portals of the New Jerusalem.

Someone else has said the first Mass at the new altar, raised the Host above a crowd of people who wept for the missing face, sorrow and pride their hearts dividing as they listened to the Requiem for the brave soul of Father Higley, who died in the very moment of triumph.

### THE GREAT BATTLE OF ANATOLIA

#### DRAMATIC NEWS FROM THRACE

The Utter Rout of the Hawks  
By the Angry Storks

#### REMARKABLE CHAPTER OF NATURAL HISTORY

Here is a piece of news from the feathered world which surely rivals, in sheer drama, some of the events which fill our daily papers.

A few days ago the Greek newspapers reported a curious phenomenon which villagers of Thrace were said to have observed among a colony of storks.

It appears that all the adult storks had met in excited conclave, after which they had suddenly taken wing and, leaving their nests and their young behind them, had flown off in a south-easterly direction.

#### A Council of War

It was thought at first that the storks had been driven away by lack of food, but storks never leave their young behind to die of starvation.

The reason for their action was discovered some days later when Turkish papers told of a terrible battle in the air between storks and hawks in the village of Orhangasi in Anatolia.

It seems that the storks which had their nests in the neighbourhood of this village had been harried unbearably by the hawks, which repeatedly fell on their nests and killed and ate their young.

The storks' must have realised at last that they could do nothing against the superior numbers of the marauders. Then a curious thing happened. They apparently met in council and talked the matter over, and certain of their numbers separated from the rest and flew away, while the others returned to their nests, transported their young to a near-by wood for safety, and then sallied forth against the enemy.

#### New Arrivals Save the Day

A desperate fight ensued which lasted two whole days and would almost certainly have ended with the defeat of the storks had not auxiliary troops arrived on the afternoon of the second day. They had evidently been summoned by the messengers who had left at the end of the council.

The new arrivals turned the scale and saved the day, which, though there were many dead and wounded on both sides, ended with the complete rout of the hawks. There is no doubt that the storks of Thrace were among those who had left their homes to fly to the assistance of their harassed fellows. What is astounding is that the storks should keep up relations across such distances; there are about 200 miles between Thrace and the spot where the fight took place.



## THE TWO QUEEN MARYS

### USHERING IN THE BETTER DAYS

World's Most Loved Queen and the World's Most Talked of Ship

#### A GREAT NAME ON THE SEA

The most loved Queen upon a throne has sent out the finest ship upon the waters, ushering in, we trust, the beginning of Better Days.

The eyes of all the world were upon the lovely vessel, the ears of all the world listening for a clear woman's voice which gave the ship her name, listening for the hiss and roar as she took the waves, to the surging wash of the tide that rolled backward to give her room.

#### Hope and Gladness

Now that she is to be followed by another we may look forward to seeing both these proud ships on the seas. Hope and gladness flew with the pennants of the great new vessel; the tears that were shed were from deeply-moved hearts which had awaited this bright day through many a long night of doubt. How good it is to think, in these dark days, with the dawn now coming, of the two Queen Marys with which we are facing the future!

This youngest child of our most ancient craft has proved herself worthy of her lineage. She rode proudly down the slipway, her hugeness and her gracefulness poised together, as if the keel were alive and she ran upon her toes, or as if she were an embodied spirit crying to the sea, "Mother of all, I come." In a moment the water had received her, held her proudly up: a queen of the sea, with a queen for her god-mother and a royal name for her bows.

#### A Symbol of Strength

The whole Empire had been awaiting this hour. The ship to be launched was a symbol of strength, of renewed faith in ourselves and our standing, "with fortune and men's eyes." People in the outposts, in lonely camps, in remote passes, soldiers in tropical deserts, traders north of the 45, are thinking of the lovely ship, hearing again those words which to English-speaking people everywhere must be always a benediction.

*I am happy to name this ship Queen Mary. I wish success to her and to all who sail in her.*

And when they have realised once again the delightful truth that it was the Queen's voice which named the ship they are remembering again the words of the King about the vessel whose history has become part of the nation's history.

Today we come to the happy task of sending on her way the stateliest ship now in being. For three years her uncompleted hull has lain in silence on the stocks. We know full well what a misery a silent dockyard may spread among a seaport, and with what courage that misery is endured.

During these years when work upon her was suspended we grieved for what that suspension meant to thousands of our people. We rejoice that, with the help of my Government, it has been possible to lift that cloud and to complete this ship.

Now, with the hope of better trade on both sides of the Atlantic, let us look forward to her playing a great part in the revival of international commerce.

The love of a ship is our birthright, for we are all born islanders and cannot go very far without the sound of the sea in our ears. The pride of shipwrights and of men who can sail a boat must be great; the smallest among them could not help but catch a tiny reflected beam from that great light which beat upon the greatest shipyard of the Empire. But it is

## THE SEALED PIT

### ONE MORE CHAPTER IN THE COAL DRAMA

The Daily Deaths That Pass By Very Little Noticed

#### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE

The lost miners of Wrexham have been sealed up in the mine that killed them, after the failure of the heroic efforts of their comrades to save them, the walling-in being necessary to extinguish the fires. So the curtain is drawn on another mining drama.

Let us not be content to grieve over these victims of industry. Let us rather determine to reduce the number of mining casualties.

Few people realise that it is not these big catastrophes which mainly kill miners. The number of minor disasters is so great that a big explosion hardly disturbs the average yearly loss.

#### Men, Women, and Boys

When trade was good, and before oil had reduced the use of coal in ships and on land, British mines employed about a million men, women, and boys—yes, women and boys as well as men.

Although women work only on the surface it is terrible to see them doing such heavy work. As for the boys and girls, few people realise that about 100,000 young people under 20 work on coal. A boy miner at Wrexham saw his dead father's body down below.

Through reduced trade and shipping and the use of oil the number of miners has fallen to about 800,000. This, of course, has reduced the number of accidents; but, even so, it approaches 900 a year, *about three a day!* When, therefore, 261 miners perish all at once they account for only the smaller part of the deaths of the year. Probably 1934 will record the loss of over 1100 miners. The public mourns for the 261; of the others it knows nothing.

Thus it is doubly hard for the miner's widow whose husband perishes because a roof caves in, or because a cage goes wrong, or because the tubs run over him. There is no public pity or public subscription list for her; she has to be content with the compensation money payable under the Compensation Act.

#### Duty of the Government

Before the war, and before the extended use of oil, miners' deaths were always 1000 to 1400 a year. Some 6000 more a year were seriously injured and over 100,000 slightly injured. The Battle of Coal is a deadly affair.

No Government had yet done its duty to the coalminer. Greater safety could be secured. Every miner should be protected by suitable armour, as is done in some places abroad. Every mine should be inspected more frequently. Every piece of mining machinery should be overhauled and all obsolete machinery should be condemned.

So we could reach a stage of mining development in which fewer tears would be shed and fewer subscription funds needed. We confess we have little patience with the people who are so sorry after the event but who do not worry themselves to prevent it.

Continued from the previous column

nothing compared with the overwhelming pride of the thousands of men who helped to build what Glasgow laconically termed The Boat.

"My father worked on the Queen Mary" will be the proudest speech any boy or girl of the yards can make as long as they live.

No more honourable mention of honourable work could be made anywhere. Already the name of the Queen Mary has passed into the special niche which we keep for days whose memory will be for ever dear, as the same name has long passed into our hearts, for where is such another Queen as ours?

## WAITING FOR THE KING'S SON

### THE BLACK FOLK OF AUSTRALIA

The Great Clatter of Tongues As the Cannibals Arrive

#### KABBARLI

Our correspondent for the great lonely spaces of Australia, Mrs Daisy Bates, sends us these notes of the black people, the original inhabitants of the continent, who are gathering in readiness for a glimpse of the King's son who is to pass over the railway near Mrs Bates's tent.

One night not long ago the weekly supply train from the West discharged a big mob of cannibals, whose home waters are many thousand miles away.

I was made aware of their arrival by the great clatter of tongues as the new group, and those others who had preceded them in the steady abandonment of their own country to live among the whitefellows, interchanged greetings, accusations, grievances, and challenges with each other as they tumbled out of the trucks.

#### The Personal Touch

As it might seem to the white men that a fight with spears would ensue I went down in the moonlight to the moving mass of dark humans, and, going in and out among them, I called "Mukka meerain" (Don't shout). The shouting at once changed its tone, and cries of Kabbarli (grandmother) told me they already knew of me from their old groups in far-distant waters.

A mission has been established some two miles from my camp; and, as both Government and railway authorities are generously feeding the natives, I have encouraged all these people to "sit down" at the mission. But I have found that it was not for the food and clothing (often very scanty owing to a diminishing exchequer) that the little mobs come homing to me through the years; it was just Kabbarli and a personal touch.

A little contingent visited my camp the next morning to tell me where they came from, and of their totems and totem waters, and their relationship to the mobs already familiar with the whitefellow's ways and foods.

#### The Real Native

They had come, they said, after their relations and had followed their tracks; and they showed me the long journey on the sand, the various waters they came upon, the long distances where only gum tree root water was to be found; and we passed lightly over the killings and eatings, and the division of the women and children of the victims of this cannibalism, for great tact is required in these matters.

They are being gathered at Ooldea Water so that Prince Henry, when he comes, may see the real Australian native, for the royal train is to stop at Ooldea Siding for a few hours. When the Prince of Wales passed through in 1920 we gave him a native display, which some C.N. readers will have seen in films; some of those who took part in that display are here now.

*It is very much to be hoped that Prince Henry, in passing through Ooldea, may meet Mrs Bates, the chief authority in Australia on these poor people passing out of the world. Editor, C.N.*

#### WELL SCORED

Most of us have heard how hard hit Mossley in Lancashire has been by the trade depression.

Having this in mind Alderman Ogden got the members of the Australian and English cricket teams to autograph a bat, which was raffled, and as a result 72 children have been provided with winter clothing.

## THIS CHANGING WORLD

Two More Nations in the League

#### 60 AT GENEVA

Two small nations, Afghanistan and Ecuador, as well as great Russia have joined the League of Nations at the recent session.

There are now 60 nations represented at Geneva. Ecuador of the New World joined because of her appreciation of the work of its technical and economic side; Afghanistan of the Old World for sentimental as well as for practical reasons.

A fine little country is Afghanistan. What a splendid way she has chosen to face her new world!

Her entire population is not quite six and a half millions, but she wants that group of people to be enlightened, to learn government on just and humane lines. She wants to be sure of peace so that she can tend her vines, grow her crops, work her copper and gold mines, improve her silk and carpet manufactures. She wants trading houses, banks, hospitals.

She wants to lose the consciousness of Russia on one hand and England on the other. She wants her tribesmen to drop their jealousies and their rivalries and become one people. She is looking to European ideals to light the lamp in her State councils.

#### Five Years After

It is splendid to think of New Afghanistan; as the Aga Khan says, the world is seeing great changes. Afghanistan, five years old, is taking her stand among the Powers. Only five years have passed since Amanullah, the mad dreamer, sought to pitchfork his country into reform, to impose upon a custom-bound, prejudiced people of mixed race the ways and habits of Europe. Only five years have passed since the tribesmen rose in revolt and civil war blazed in the mountains, and 700 Europeans were carried into safety by the British Air Force.

Afghanistan was very much in the eyes of the world then. She made an incredible stir. Now she is being watched in a friendly way. She enters on a new phase of her existence, going to school among the Great Powers.

## THE SHADOW ON THE CLOCK

People passing through one of the streets of Birmingham not long ago, between 8.30 and 8.45 p.m., were startled when they looked up at the clock outside the premises of the Birmingham Co-operative Society.

On the face of the clock were strange and fluttering shadows which had a ghostly appearance. Some thought they looked like the Spirit of Time, and all sorts of rumours were circulated as to their origin.

At last someone climbing near the face of the clock discovered that it was a pigeon which had found its way there and produced such eerie results. Before anyone could reach it the bird walked out of the face and settled itself on a balcony, watching the great crowd that had gathered below.

## THINGS SAID

If you give people what you believe they will appreciate they will gradually come to appreciate it. Sir John Reith

It is all right to make a friend of your doctor, but you should not make a doctor of your friend. Lord Horder

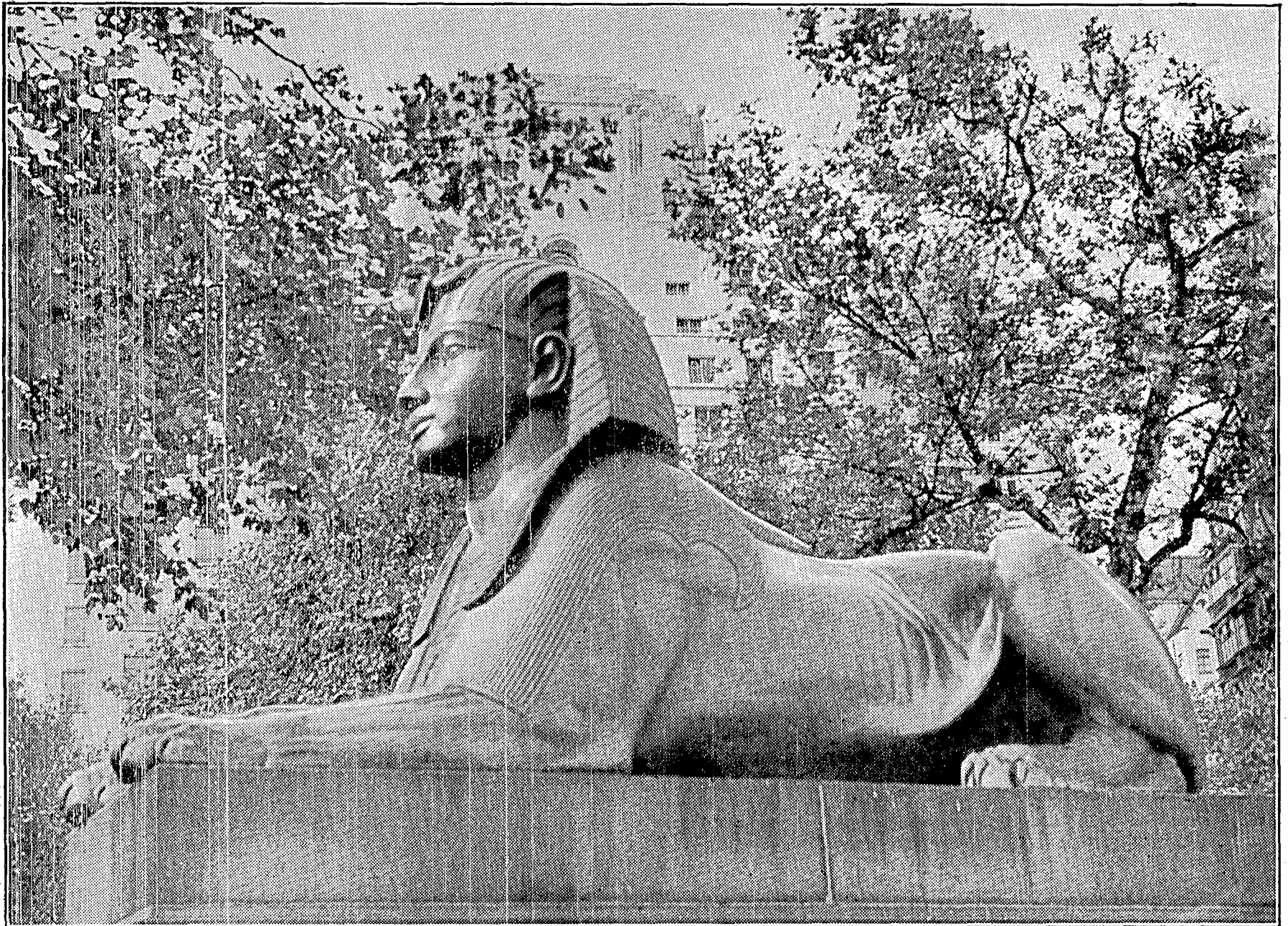
Other nations have put their unknown soldiers into coffins. We have chosen our unknown soldier to be our leader.

Herr Rosenberg of Germany

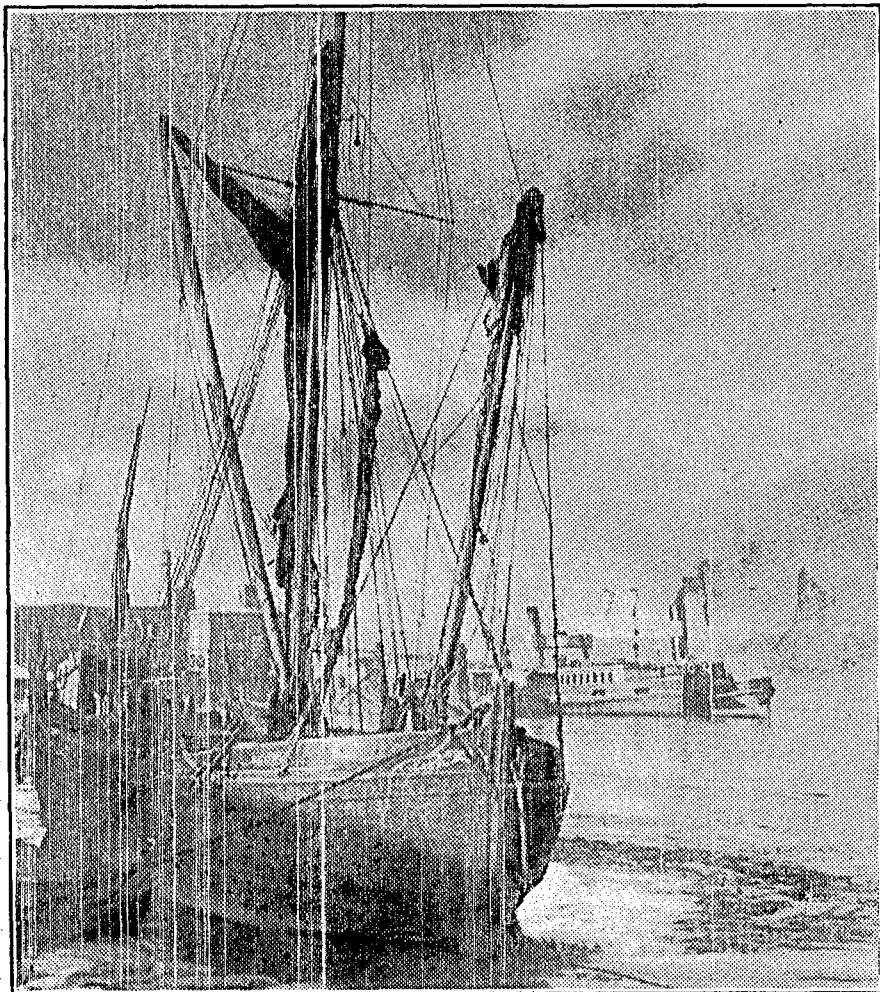
It is in these triumphant feats of engineering that the soul of our age expresses itself. Mr J. B. Priestley on the Queen Mary



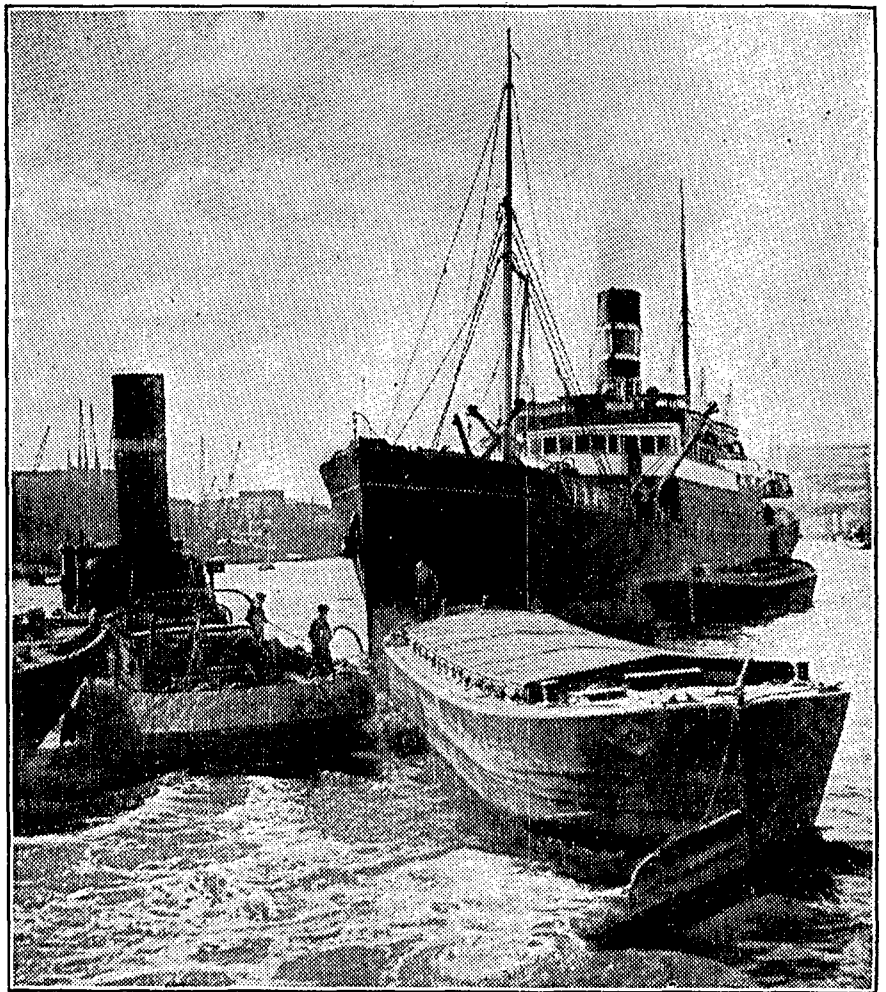
# BY LONDON'S RIVER—THE EMBANKMENT • GRAVESEND • THE POOL



A London Contrast—The art of ancient Egypt and the architecture of twentieth-century business are symbolised in this picture taken on the Thames Embankment. The Sphinx is one of the pair that flank Cleopatra's Needle, and in the background is Shell-Mex House.



Gravesend Ferry—A peep at the gateway to the world's greatest seaport.



In the Pool—A busy scene among the ships near Tower Bridge.



## A THRONE GOES BACK

### KING'S SON RETURNS IT TO KANDY

Great Day in the Old Capital of a Lost Kingdom

#### SYMBOL OF ANCIENT POWER

One of the most brilliant pageants ever known in the glittering life of the East has been held at Kandy, the last stronghold of the ancient kings of Ceylon, when the Duke of Gloucester, in the name of King George, gave the old crown and throne back to Kandy. For 119 years these properties had been at Windsor Castle.

They were brought to England in triumph, as a trophy of conquest in 1815, during the troubled campaign that ended with the defeat and exile of the last king of the Sinhalese dynasty. No one asked why they should have come here. We took them for granted, like the beautiful ornamental old guns on Tower Walk.

#### Love of Ancient Traditions

The Sinhalese love their ancient history and traditions as much as we do ours, and some years ago a few of the younger generation began to think longingly of their departed treasures. If they could not have them back as their own State property perhaps they might have them on permanent loan, as the British Museum tablets say, when the directors send a lovely thing to enrich another gallery.

In February the State Council definitely and very politely asked our Government if these symbols of an ancient royalty might not be restored to Ceylon. We said With pleasure, or words to that effect; and in our hearts we thought they should have gone back long ago.

#### A Memorable Scene

The scene of the presentation will long be remembered. For weeks the historic town of Kandy had been in a turmoil of excitement preparing for the joyous and tremendous event. To Western eyes ordinary life in Ceylon is a pageant, so many colours massed under a glittering sky. In this ceremony all the extraordinary and inherited resources of native State combined with modern scientific skill. Streets were turned into processional arches of streaming pennons and banners. Engineers worked to create an illumination on a stupendous scale. Makers of fireworks seemed never to go to bed. Builders and painters were engaged on enlarging the great audience hall of the later kings of Kandy in which the ceremony of presentation was to take place. The ladies and their helpers had their hands full smartening up and beautifying the ceremonial robes of the native chiefs.

As the great day drew near the trek into Kandy began. For two days the roads were thick with the passage of thousands of people, motor-cars and bullock-carts hobnobbing in the friendliest fashion. Somehow the great masses shook down in and about the town and managed to get a sight of everything.

#### Ceremony of Presentation

There was a state drive of four miles through the city. Then the presentation of the Kandy chiefs, glittering in all their glory, to the King's son, who must have felt like an English sparrow in a tropical glade. The favoured few, some 1500, were given permission to see the actual ceremony of presentation of the throne and crown in the audience hall. The rest made a solid human phalanx about its approaches.

No one who was present will ever forget the evening of that day.

Historic glories were revived; a processional pageant took place on a magnificent scale such as Ceylon does not often have the chance of arranging. Through the illuminated streets a procession a mile long went by. It was hard to say who enjoyed it more, those who made the spectacle or those who

## DOWN THE ISLAND

### ON A HORSE

#### A GALLANT MARE AND ITS RIDER

Journey on Horseback From John o' Groat's To Land's End

#### THE THREE-WEEKS TROT

We wish Mr David Ainsworth, councillor of Preston, much joy in his ride from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

There has always been a fascination in the historic route that lies between these two extremities of our island kingdom. No child can have passed through a history class without learning that during the reign of a certain king a woman could have walked with her babe from John o' Groat's to Land's End without hearing a rude word said. Whether any woman ever tried to do this the historians do not say.

It has often happened that people have set themselves to walk or drive along this historic road, and taken their time about it. Mr Ainsworth is going on horseback, and has said he will do it in three weeks.

#### Queenie and Her Master

We must confess that our thoughts are with Queenie, his six-year-old mare, who stands fifteen hands, and is carrying her master steadily south. Mr Ainsworth rides sixteen stones, and Queenie, or any other horse, knows quite well what it is to bear up continually under sixteen stones. The course is 800 miles. Forty miles a day is pretty hard going, day after day. But doubtless Mr Ainsworth has looked out some grassy tracks and is singing to himself as he goes the well-known ditty:

*It ain't the igh igh ills wot urts the orse's  
oofs,  
It's ammer-ammer-ammer on the ard igh  
road.*

Blacksmiths on the way will no doubt be blowing up their fires. It will be interesting to learn how many shoes Queenie wears out before she has carried her master through Bonar Bridge, Inverness, Perth, Stirling, Lanark, Carlisle, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Warrington, Newport, Worcester, Exeter, Bodmin, Truro, to Land's End.

We should like to be there to offer Mr Ainsworth a cushion and give Queenie a bran mash at Journey's End.

#### WHAT HE IS MADE OF

Nanty Hughes, a collier at the Big Pit, Blaenavon, Monmouthshire, was half buried by a fall of roof while he was at work.

His rescuers saw that another big stone was slipping down, and a young collier, Reginald Jones, stepped forward at the risk of his life and held it up with his own back until Hughes was safely got away.

Then Jones managed to jump clear as he let the stone crash to the ground.

*There is no need for a brave man to go to war to show what he is made of.*

Continued from the previous column

watched it. The chiefs went by, stately and dignified. The dancers turned the scene into a fantastic whirlpool of shimmering, resplendent forms. The musicians sent up their harmonies and haunting Eastern airs into the glittering night. The only stolid beings were the elephants, who gave to the scene that barbaric and ponderous touch that only elephants have the secret of.

We have not heard what happened during the next few days, and who got up first to begin to tidy up the dishevelled town. But the main thing is that the jewelled throne and crown of Kandy, on which native workmen expended their genius in a forgotten century, are home again in Ceylon, a symbol of an ancient royalty for future generations to admire and love.

## IRELAND'S DISTRESS

### The Irish View of the Economic War

#### SAD CASE OF FARMERS AND THE LENDERS

Valued Irish correspondents have written us about our article on Ireland's distress, and as we desire to present cases fairly and to hear all sides we gladly give the points raised from the Irish point of view.

First, as to the Land Annuities. The original loans to enable Irish farmers to buy their land were not made by the British Government but by private lenders. The repayment of interest and principle was guaranteed by our Government, however, and that guarantee is honoured. As the Irish Government refuses to pay over the sums it receives from the farmers our Government has to pay the lenders; it was the Government guarantee which enabled Irish farmers to borrow so cheaply.

As to the Land Annuities being due to the British Government the Irish view is that this is the very point at issue. The Irish Government asks for arbitration on the point by a tribunal presided over by a foreign chairman. Our Dominions Secretary says that the chairman of such a tribunal must be British.

#### Punishment on Both Sides

One correspondent objects to our use of the word punishment to describe the British heavy duties on Irish produce, and points out that Mr Thomas has described these duties as merely a method of collecting the sums of money refused by the Irish Government. We note this as accurate, but wish we could think that no punishment was involved in the case. The punishment is inflicted on both sides of the Channel. It is a Tariff War.

It is pointed out that many Irish farmers are now contending that they are called on to pay their instalments twice: as rent to the Free State Government and to the British Government through the tariff.

It is a sad business, and one that is only to be ended by a determined effort to do justice all round.

The losses of Irish farmers make sad reading. It is reported that ten bullocks seized from a farmer who refused to pay his land annuities were sold at auction for £37, the auction being held under police protection.

## MACHINE FARMING

### Its Value Questioned By the Expert

More light on machine farming is thrown by Mr A. E. K. Wherry, of Bourne in Lincolnshire, who denies the value of the Combine Harvester to the British farmer.

He says that great loss would follow from placing on the market, at one time of the year, more grain than it is capable of absorbing. He asks us to imagine the 6,500,000 quarters of wheat delivered under the Wheat Act being placed on the market in the months of August and September. Only chaos would result for both the milling and grain trades, and a much lower price to the grower.

"No store like the stack," says Mr Wherry, "where each individual grain is stored in its own husk, and, whenever threshed, comes out sweet and wholesome."

Threshing, spread over the year, provides employment for farm hands during the winter when field work is impossible, and maintains a steady flow of wheat to market, which alone can keep the country mills from being ruined.

## WAR FOR BOYS

### THE MUSSOLINI WAY

Italy's New Decree For Soldiers at Eight Years Old

#### MILITARISM IN A PANIC

Every Italian boy is now decreed to be a soldier from the age of eight.

The law enacting this remarkable provision is declared "to discipline completely and organically the military preparation of the nation."

By virtue of the decree, it is stated,

Youths from eight years of age until they are called under arms at 18 are spiritually, physically, and militarily prepared by the civil organisations. Thus, when they take their place in the Army, they will be able to devote themselves exclusively to warlike training and to the profession of arms.

The law also deals with military training generally; but the most important part is Mussolini's decision to begin turning citizens into soldiers when they are little lads. Military training is made compulsory in all schools and in all universities.

The soldier-citizen is to be carefully trained throughout his life. After 18 the boy is to specialise in some particular branch. After serving he is to be kept in training as a reservist, and even after 55 he is to be ready to serve as a non-combatant.

#### The Story of Balilla

The new law in its application to children is really an extension of the Italian Boy Scout Movement, the Balilla, as it is called, after a Genoese boy who attacked the Austrian soldiers with stones in the old dark days. British Boy Scouts are happily unarmed; the Balilla learn to handle toy weapons. The Balilla have already become very numerous, and the new law makes compulsory for all Italian boys what has been voluntarily done by many. Every Italian boy thus becomes a Militant Boy Scout.

What is very serious about the decree is that it emphasises Mussolini's grave view of the European situation. He fears the future and prepares for it in arms. With militant Germany to the North, Yugo-Slavia threatening on the East, and France on the West, with the broken elements of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in tumult, he turns to militarism for boys. It is militarism in a panic.

## EAST-END PLAYGROUNDS

### Limehouse To Ilford

It is a jolly idea to take children from dark Limehouse to a bright playing-field at Hainault, where lovely trees grow, near Ilford in Essex.

A class will get a week's work and play in the open air next summer, sleeping in cubicles.

The playing-field has been provided and prepared by the Limehouse Playing-Fields Council. The London County Council has promised £500 toward the cost of the field and an annual contribution of £100 to help keep it up. Eight schools in Limehouse will send 80 children each day. The L.C.C. will pay the fares to and fro.

## GOOD WORK BRINGS MORE

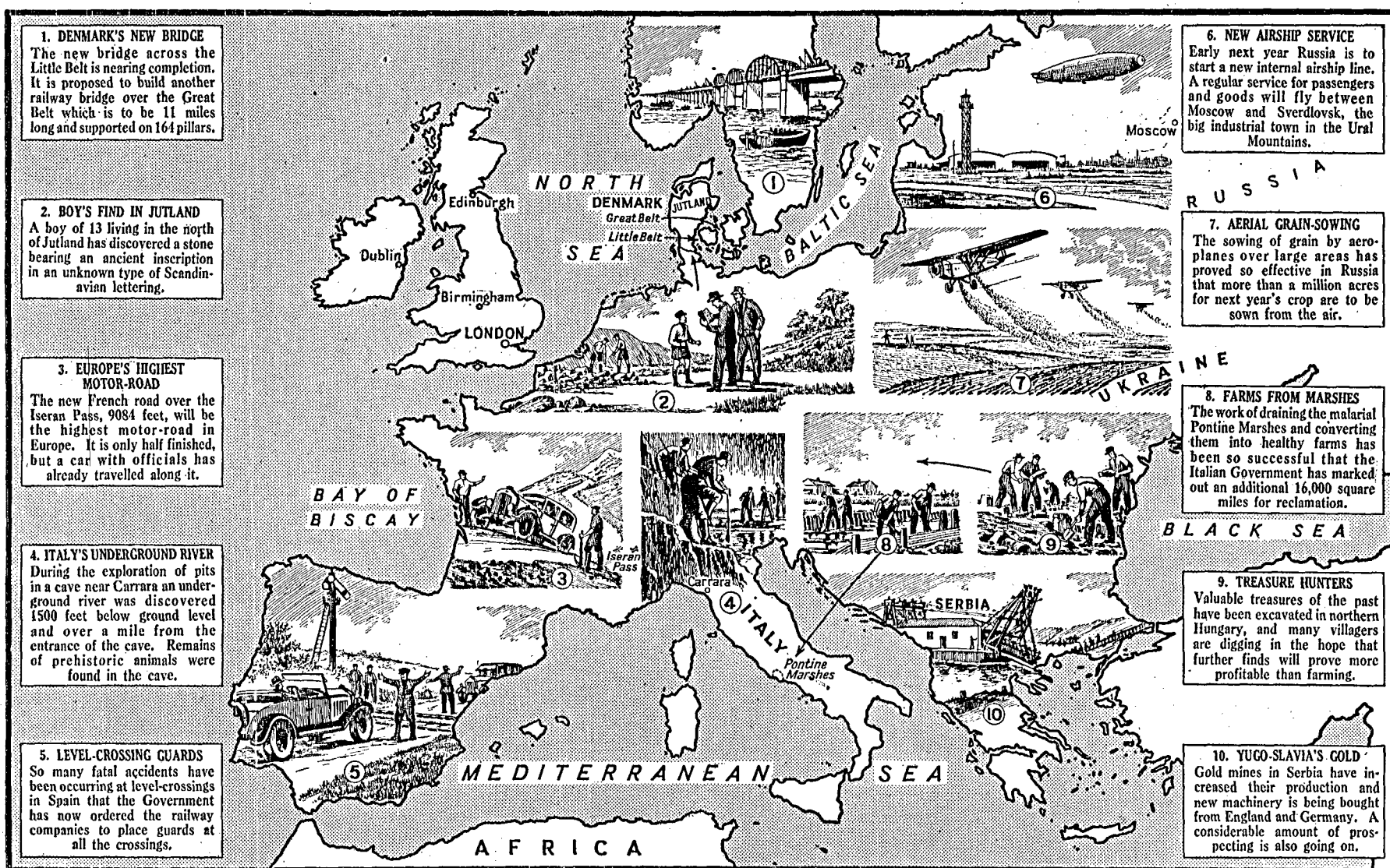
A team of eight unemployed men were recently set to work in Cheshire to make a swimming-bath.

The chairman of the Unemployed Club to which they belonged, Mr Robert Burrows, writes to say that the experiment has been so successful that the same men have now secured another job which will keep them busy six weeks more.

Also two more men have been added to the team, making eight fully-trained men and two in training.



# THE C.N. PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



## THE PUBLIC AND THE STAGE

### A League of Audiences

The stage, it is said, only echoes back the public voice.

This, one would imagine, is the idea at the back of that new and rather curiously-named body The League of Audiences, which has been launched through the initiative of Mr Alfred Wareing, who founded the Repertory Theatre at Glasgow.

The League of Audiences intends to make an appeal throughout the Empire by organising into an association all the members of it who desire to see and hear living interpreters of the drama and music, and hopes among other things to induce the Government and local authorities to acknowledge these two arts as important factors in the national life. The offices are at 30 Duke Street, St James's, S.W.1.

## FEWER FARM WORKERS

### Lowest on Record

When is the fall in the number of our farm workers to cease?

In 1932 it was the lowest on record, and it is to be feared it is now lower still.

It is now ten years since the Agricultural Wages Regulation Act became law. In 1931 the average weekly minimum wage was 31s 8d, but there has since been a fall. The average earning is rather higher, because shepherds and others obtain more money for their special work.

## THE CLEVER RACE

### Japanese in India

A new steelworks, based on the use of scrap material, is to be started in India at Belur, near Calcutta.

It is notable that the Japanese are being called in, not only to make and set up the plant and machinery, but to supply expert managers and engineers.

## A MOVE FOR PEACE?

### Sale of a Great Railway

Russia has agreed to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway to Japan for the reported sum of £10,000,000.

The importance of this agreement can hardly be exaggerated. The railway has long been a bone of contention between Russia and Japan, and we may hope now for better relations between these two countries.

A glance at the map will show that the Chinese Eastern Railway is of great strategic importance. It was originally built by Tsarist Russia with French capital. It continues the great Siberian Railway to the port of Vladivostok, running from Chita in Siberia through Manchuria via Harbin. From Harbin a railway (the South Manchurian Railway) runs south through Mukden to Dairen and Korea.

Holding the Chinese Eastern Railway, Japan can now consolidate Manchuria.

## PICTURES FOR CARDIFF

Pictures painted by Viennese children between six and fourteen are to be exhibited at Cardiff City Hall.

Professor Cizek of Vienna, instead of asking the children to draw an object in front of them, asked them to draw anything from their imagination, any scene they had witnessed. They were allowed to use any colours.

Although the children were just ordinary, they have produced unusually mature pictures. They have been shown in London and Edinburgh and South Africa. It is amazing what a child can do with his imagination and a paint-box.

## SIR THOMAS BARLOW

Sir Thomas Barlow has been celebrating his 80th birthday.

He has been physician to three of our sovereigns, and is one of the very few people living who were present when Queen Victoria died at Osborne.

Sir Thomas was accustomed to ride a bicycle up to his 80th birthday.

## RUBBISH IN THE RIVER

### The Pity and the Waste of It

Throughout South Wales there is a general widening and deepening of the river beds.

The Cadoxton River has been placed in a comfortable and safe bed at a cost of £2000. The Mid-Glamorgan Catchment Board is preparing to widen the Neate. The Glamorgan County Council is discussing plans for the deepening of the Tawe. Carmarthenshire is concerned with two of its rivers.

All this work has become necessary because of the havoc caused by the floods of last winter.

It is reported also that the river beds have become full because of the refuse tipped into them higher up in the valleys.

When will man learn that rivers were not meant to throw refuse into?

## SUNDAY MORNING IN A COUNTRY LANE

Most of us will agree with the protest in this letter to The Times by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, our late Minister of Education.

Not many days ago I was standing in a tortuous and precipitous lane, a favourite haunt of small children, since it descends sharply to a little brown brook with stepping-stones.

It was a bright Sunday morning. Church was over. The children were abroad. The village was taking the air. Suddenly all tranquillity vanished. A great column of tri-cars and motor-cycles, some with, others without, side-cars, came rushing down with a hideous screech. Over two hours passed before the path was clear of the invaders. The sweet air was tainted with petrol, but, perhaps because there were no silencers, there were also no deaths.

If there is really any uncertainty as to the reliability of these machines the tests ought not to be carried out in a twisting lane where the rider may meet a child round any corner, but on a track specially prepared for the purpose.

## THE TRAFFIC TO BE

### Car Trade Boom

### MILLIONS MORE COMING

There is a boom in the motor industry. All the families that can afford it (and many that cannot) are buying cars.

The hire-purchase system assists the boom. One has only to put down a few pounds and promise the rest. As the American wag put it, "A dollar down and a dollar a week for life." A large number of cars are smashed long before they are paid for.

Some 30,000 new motor-vehicle registrations are taking place every month, about two-thirds of private cars.

Looking forward we can confidently envisage a time, not far distant, when there will be twice as many vehicles on our roads. Quite small houses now boast private garages. As the number of children decreases the number of motor-cars increases.

What is the Government doing to meet the coming motor-car situation? The existing traffic already makes life difficult enough and death far too easy. What of the 5,000,000 motor-cars that is so surely coming?

There should be immediate action. There is probably a case for special motor-roads, to be used on payment of a fee, as in some places abroad. There is an unanswerable case for the reconstruction of many roads with a middle barrier dividing it into two sections for the opposing streams of traffic. The formation of pathways along all country roads is a prime necessity. Such provisions are already overdue; the certainty of a vastly increased motor-traffic makes it criminal negligence to delay work upon them.

## 70 YEARS OF SINGING

St John's Church in Darlington has just lost by death a chorister of 70 years service. He was Mr F. R. Gibbon, who sang up to a fortnight of his death at 80 years. He had served under eight vicars.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 13 1934

## The Old Mistress of the Seas

THE year will stand out for two fine events for the old Mistress of the Seas.

Mr Sopwith is at work again after his splendid failure. The Queen Mary is on the water with her splendid promise. Failure or Success, the great thing is the Endeavour.

Toiling on land or sailing the seas, it has been our endeavour to match our wits, our courage, our endurance against all the odds of unknown difficulties to be faced or known ones to be overcome. When Captain Cook set out on his great voyage he named his ship Endeavour in token of the great work she was hoping to achieve. It was on the Endurance, twin virtue of endeavour, that Shackleton sailed on his ill-fated expedition to the Antarctic. Success or failure, we will go on.

Endeavour is an old naval name for a ship; it may stand for a yacht or for a Queen Mary. We may well believe that in those Elizabethan days, when English seamen in many a seaport thrilled to the tales of what Drake had done and wondered if they might not follow him, some of them put out to sea in a little ship so named. And when the great Armada came, and those who knew not England thought she must be overwhelmed, the little ships were there with Drake and Hawkins and Martin Frobisher.

If that is only a fancy there are a thousand facts to confirm the never-yielding endeavour of Englishmen to win and keep a place in the Sun. Many failed, many never came back; the world's coasts are strewn with the wrecks of English ships. But Englishmen have charted the seas.

In the deserts and jungles and lone places of the continents is many an unmarked English grave, the last resting-place of the faithful failure. In the Australia of Captain Cook many a pioneer went out into the wilderness never to return; but the far extended lands where the children of the pioneers have found and made a home bear witness to the tenacity with which the English people have sought the goal.

By the side of these great events in the life of a people a yacht race, a Test Match, a lawn tennis championship, may seem a trifling thing, but games are part of the English spirit. To play them generously, to take defeat with a smile and to win without a boast, are all part of the game for us.

Let us go on with our Endeavour as long as our Queen Marys ride the seas.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### Like Columbus

MR ROOSEVELT is in trouble; he lives in it, as many of us do. We like this story, which reflects the state of his life in these days.

Somebody who had been to see him was asked, What do you think of the President? and he replied that he was exactly like Christopher Columbus.

"Like Christopher Columbus! Whatever do you mean by that?" asked the questioner, to whom the visitor replied:

*When Christopher Columbus set out he did not know where he was going. When he arrived he did not know where he was. When he got back he did not know where he had been.*

### Peace On Earth, Goodwill Among Nations

DR FREDERICK SPENCER has pleaded that Russia, said to be threatened by famine through the drought, should be fed with the world's surplus wheat; he puts it thus:

The nations of Christendom should take the opportunity offered by the admittance of Russia into the League of making a great gift of food to the millions of Russians menaced by starvation.

This might include a considerable portion of the two or three million bushels of wheat estimated to be the world's carry-over till next year, as well as some of the other superfluous masses of foodstuffs which appear to embarrass both agriculture and trade.

We might well hope in this way to win the hearts of the Russian people, with whom we have no manner of quarrel, demonstrating to them the sincerity of our religion and humanity, and inaugurating a new era of friendship advantageous to all.

Very gladly we print this appeal. Why should not nations, as nations, obey the instincts of humanity as all their citizens do?

### Hitler v Hitler

HERR HITLER has worked his own cause more harm than could have been done by a thousand such men as those he has slain.

At home he has made men fear him, but not as those whose fear is based on respect. Abroad he has gravely injured his country. Germany needed friends, and she has thrown them away.

With this said, we may all deprecate any abuse of a nation which has produced so many fine people. If hundreds of Germans have been killed, there are still 70,000,000 left. They have suffered much, and we earnestly hope to see them rejoin the council of nations and find comradeship in Europe.

### Two Sayings

I may disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it. Voltaire

There is in the corner of my heart a plant called Reverence which needs watering about once a week. Oliver Wendell Holmes

### Far Beyond the Stars

My soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skilful in the wars:  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And (O my soul, awake!)  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Henry Vaughan

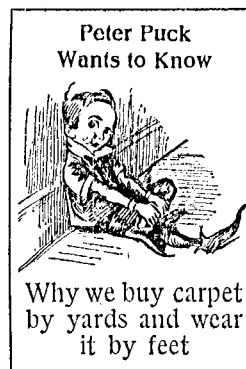
### Tip-Cat

MOTOR-CARS must be fed and cared for. Every taxi likes its fare.

FARMING by electricity is growing. But is the corn?

TEN laundresses acted in a play. Hope it wasn't a washout.

MOTORISTS are tempted to travel fast on straight roads. And give pedestrians a turn.



Why we buy carpet by yards and wear it by feet

THE modern child takes things for granted. Whose?

ART should be simple. Some of it is even artless.

MEN employed on making a suspension

bridge in Dorset complain that their work will be hung up.

AN author boasts that he only sleeps in snatches. What's wrong with his bed?

SOME sports are taught by post. Any-one can have a letter box.

ALL the scenes of a new film are played in the rain. The audience will be taken by storm.

A TOWN COUNCIL is debating a resolution to erect a portable building. No doubt it will be carried.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ONE potato in a Notts garden had 152 tubers.

WE can now telephone anywhere in the land for a shilling after 7 p.m.

£100,000 has been given by one man to complete South Australia's Parliament House.

SOIL from Tolpuddle has been scattered over the grave of one of the Martyrs in Ontario.

### JUST AN IDEA

Is everything conscious? It was Darwin who told us that a sort of consciousness extends throughout the plant and animal kingdoms.

## A Big Moment For a Little Man

By a Country Lady

THE band of the Cameronians was delighting an audience in the gardens of a well-known western spa.

Among the listeners were two cripples, brother and sister, who through infirmity have never reached normal growth. They are sorely handicapped, but extremely cheerful. They are both over twenty; they cannot enter into the pleasures and pursuits of those who have the full use of their limbs, but they have many joys, and music is one of them.

It was noticed that the bandmaster of the Cameronians took a great interest in these two brave small people, as other bandmasters have done before him, and that whenever opportunity occurred for a friendly talk with them he always took it.

On the evening in question, when his bandmen were halfway through the programme, he turned to the audience and said, "There is a little man in the audience, a very little man, who has asked me to play a song called Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day. He tells me he is very fond of music; and I am very fond of him. We do not know the song very well but we will have a shot at it."

Thereupon the band played it, to the intense delight of the little man and his sister.

On the last evening before the Cameronians left the city the bandmaster sought out his little friends, shook hands with them, and then, when he had mounted the bandstand, once again the band played Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day.

## October Roses

By Our Look-About Lady

THE old dressmaker sat all alone on Sunday evening. It was raining; she was tired, and she wished for the hundredth time that she had not had to work so hard and that there had been time to make and keep friends.

Suddenly the bell rang, and the old lady moved heavily to open the door. The October night was full of stars, and there on the doorstep was a young girl, her face glowing as she looked over the top of a lovely bouquet of late roses. Pink they were, and creamy yellow. It was the housemaid from the manor.

"Mrs Gray has gone away for a fortnight, and she told me to bring you all the flowers worth having from her vases in the drawing-room," she said. "Here they are."

She laid them on the scullery table in all their beauty, and very soon the blue jugs on the dresser were full, and to Mrs Brown's ancient face had come a radiant look. The roses were so wonderful!

God, who oft descends to visit men Unseen, and through their habitation walks To mark their doings... Milton



October 13, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

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## PACKING THE GREAT SHIP

### WONDERS OF SCIENCE FOR ITS EMPTY SHELL

#### 18 Months To Turn It Into a Floating City

#### MAN'S BIGGEST YET

Now that she is safely and proudly on the water the great time of the Queen Mary begins.

For ages past man has planted cities in the wilderness and in our own time he also plants cities on the seas.

The greatest of these will be the new mighty Cunard White Star liner. The great hull, 1018 feet long, 118 feet wide, and built up with more than 40,000 tons of steel, is but an empty shell and is now being filled with all the wonder of the modern world.

During the next 18 months or so a wonderful change will come over this monster, and at the end of that time she will be a veritable floating town with all the remarkable life and power and energy we expect to find in a city in this wonderful century.

#### Making the Giant a Living Thing

One of the first steps toward making the giant a living thing will be the installation of the machinery. The Queen Mary is to be a steam-driven ship and oil-burning furnaces will generate the steam. There are 27 enormous boilers to be placed in position in five rooms. In these boilers are nearly 160,000 tubes, and there are 2600 feet of main steam piping. Oil will be fed to the furnaces beneath the boilers through 3000 feet of piping which leads from 50 bunkers built into the sides of the vessel.

The four propellers, the biggest ever made and weighing 35 tons each, will be driven by 16 great Parsons turbines. There are 257,000 blades in the turbines, and every blade has been tested and fitted by hand. The machinery will be hoisted into position in sections and re-assembled in the ship, where the space it will occupy will be equal in length to some of the biggest Atlantic liners afloat. In addition to the propelling machinery there are turbo-generators and other apparatus to be installed for supplying electricity to the floating town.

#### Provision For 3500 Passengers

From the keel of the Queen Mary to the top of the foremast of her three funnels will be about 180 feet. A town on land can spread out over a large area but the floating town must be built in layers. There will be no fewer than twelve decks, and on these accommodation will be provided for about 3500 passengers and many hundreds of the crew. In the first-class quarters there will be single and two-berth cabins, as well as suites of three or four rooms and bathroom, for about a thousand people.

In this part of the ship will be a restaurant and foyer in which could be placed the hull of the first Cunard steamship Britannia, which was 207 feet long, and also the three ships which comprised the fleet of Columbus. There is to be a great lounge, which could accommodate nine double-decker omnibuses placed side by side with three Royal Scot engines on their roofs. There will also be a smoking-room, library, writing-room, children's room, a swimming pool, gymnasium, squash racquets, and Turkish and other baths.

#### Bathrooms and Talking Films

In the tiled bathrooms hot and cold fresh and sea water will be available; and in all state-rooms a system of automatic ventilation is to be installed which will enable passengers to control supplies of warm and cold air.

A promenade deck 750 feet long will give ample space for recreation, and a number of shops are to be provided, as well as arrangements for the presentation of talking films. In addition to all

## HERE FELL ABRAHAM BLOCH

ONE day a week or two ago the French Minister of Pensions, M. Rivollet, unveiled a monument which, unlike most war memorials, is to preserve the memory, not of heroic aggression or defence, but of a lovely act.

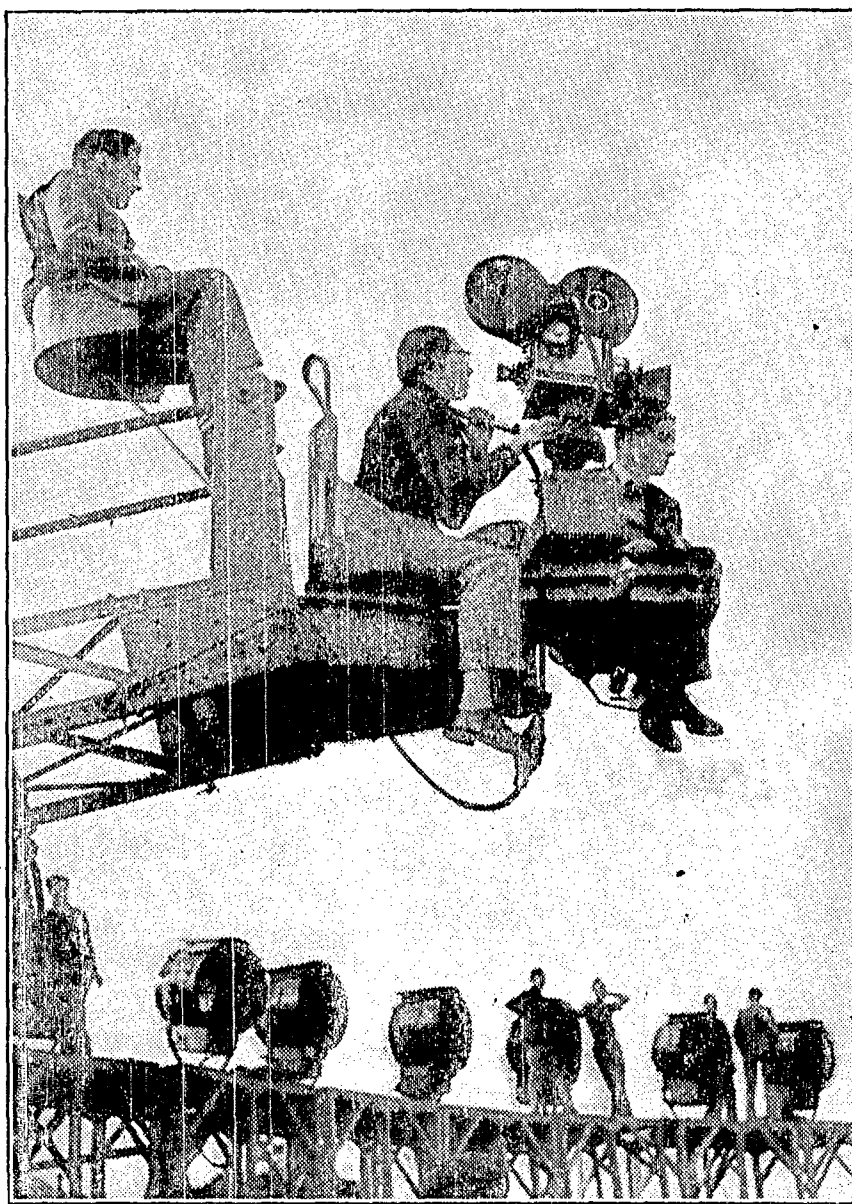
One day in the first few weeks of the war there was brought to the dressing-station behind the French fighting line a soldier so grievously hurt that he knew there was no hope for him. He asked in a whisper for a priest and a blessing, but as it happened there was no Roman Catholic priest in the shed, nor any other clergyman except the Jewish Army Rabbi, Abraham Bloch.

Time was precious, the wounded man was sinking, yet the entreaty in his

eyes was as insistent as ever. Doctors and nurses stood helplessly round, when the Rabbi quietly unhooked the crucifix hanging on the wall, brought it to the dying man, and held it to his lips while he gave him his priestly blessing. At that moment a shell, with the senseless cruelty that was the inevitable and daily accompaniment of this most hideous of all wars, crashed into the shed and killed both the soldier and the priest.

It is this joint death and the lovely tolerance and charity of the act which preceded it which are commemorated by the monument, whose simple inscription runs: *Here fell Abraham Bloch, French Army Rabbi, while presenting Christ's Cross to a dying French soldier.*

## THE CAMERA CRANE



The modern talkie camera is an elaborate piece of mechanism attended by a staff of experts. When wide and sweeping views are required a specially-designed crane is used, as in this picture, which also shows a battery of lights in the background.

Continued from the previous column

this tourist and third-class sections of the ship will provide accommodation for another 2500, with swimming-pool, state-rooms, cabins, and large public rooms. Nearly two acres are available for deck games and promenading, and there will be 22 lifts. There will be fully-equipped hospitals, banks, a tourist bureau, a printing office, a big garage, and a telephone service which will give communication not only with other parts of the ship but by wireless with all parts of the world.

The electrical equipment will be one of the marvels of the vessel. There are to be seven turbo-generators, which would be capable of supplying the ordinary needs of a town of about 150,000 population. Power will be distributed through two switchboards: one of them will control the energy supplied to the auxiliary machinery, which plays so large a part in the efficient running of a ship, and the other that supplied to the passenger quarters.

Four thousand miles of cable will be needed for the electrical installations and 30,000 lamps will be used. Ventilating and hot and cold water systems, lifts, illuminant signs, and clocks are a few of the services to be electrically operated, and all cooking will be done by electricity. In fact, apart from the actual means of propulsion used, the Queen Mary is to be an all-electric ship.

The biggest of the three great funnels to crown the Queen Mary will rise more than 70 feet from the boat deck. Each funnel has a diameter of 30 feet, large enough to allow three engines of the Royal Scot class to pass through abreast.

It is a far cry from the launching of the 40,000-ton hull, a massive but helpless giant, to the day when the proud ship will put to sea under her own power as an 80,000-ton wonder, throbbing with life. It is said that when that day comes fully a quarter of a million people in all parts of the land will have contributed to the making of this floating city.

## THE POOR TAILOR OF ELSINORE

### HIS RICH GIFT TO HIS TOWN

Romantic Story of a Collection of Pictures

#### THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY

Shakespeare's Elsinore, which now calls itself Helsingor, is congratulating itself on the possession of a citizen any town might be proud of.

A tailor (and not a wealthy one) who owns one of the most valuable and complete collections of modern paintings in Denmark, and with the quietest, simplest gesture in the world makes it over to the town of his adoption to become common property, must surely be a person whose life-story will repay investigation. He is.

#### Goods For Works of Art

Niels Rydeng was a poor peasant lad who had to earn his own living from the time he was twelve. He started as a cowherd, but later on apprenticed himself to a tailor, and eventually set up on his own in Helsingor. Now that he is 60 he is still a tailor, and one who has to work hard to support himself and an unusually large family. Half his modest dwelling is filled with bales of cloth; but the other half is lined from floor to ceiling with some of the best Scandinavian pictures the last fifty years have produced.

For each of these pictures he has worked with his own hands. At a time when the exchange of goods for works of art had not yet been thought of by the rest of the world he sewed suits for poor artists who but for him would have been forced to emulate the lilies of the field. Niels Rydeng was still an apprentice when, out of his first earnings, he bought a picture from another boy for threepence. It was the only picture he ever gave money for, he says; and in the end he never got it, for the boy changed his mind and presented it to his grandmother.

#### A Home Like a Museum

Many years later Rydeng went to an exhibition of the work of a young unknown Swedish painter. The artist himself was present, but Niels did not dare to speak to him. But he wrote him a letter the same day offering to make him a suit of clothes in exchange for one of his pictures. The artist did not trouble to answer; he came, and a bargain advantageous to both parties was struck forthwith. After that Rydeng was besieged by young Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Finnish artists whose work was as yet too new and strange for the general public, but who desired to be clothed; and the man whose seeing eye knew a lovely thing while others derided it quietly hung picture after picture on the walls of his unpretentious home till it looked like a museum.

#### Painters Who Are Now Famous

About eighty unknown painters who have nearly all become famous since then received not only material assistance but also understanding and appreciation in the house of this quiet little man who had had no art education. Indeed, they were encouraged to treat the house as their own; and one of them did so to such good purpose that he ended by marrying one of Niels Rydeng's daughters.

With twelve children to educate and a passion for art it is no wonder that Niels Rydeng must still work hard at his trade in order to make ends meet; yet he has no hesitation in giving away a collection worth a fortune to prevent its being scattered to the four winds after his death.



## DAVID MORGAN, TRAMP

### The Man Who Taught Wales Music

#### HIS PEOPLE GIVE HIM A MEMORIAL

How much do the nations owe the tramps of bygone days for their learning?

Many tramps were good philosophers, poets, and musicians; and as they travelled from place to place they taught people their wisdom.

Wales has had a long line of these benefactor tramps who were bards, singers, story-tellers, and carriers of folklore; and now one of them has been honoured. A granite memorial was unveiled by Mr D. Owen Evans, M.P., at the Llangedmore Cemetery, Cardigan, to Dafydd Siencyn Morgan (David Jenkin Morgan).

Morgan was a self-taught musician who could sing, teach, compose, and conduct. He joined the Pembrokehire Militia when young, but he was no soldier. When he came out of the Army he decided to teach Wales to sing. And he was the first to teach his people the art of four-part harmonised singing.

#### In Barns and Outhouses

He tramped the country and gathered groups of children in one village, farmers and their servants in the next, to teach them to sing. He held his classes in barns and outhouses. No payment was made. Before he had finished his teaching he would be on tramp again.

For 50 years he tramped Wales and taught the people to sing. And he lived to see harmonised singing in many churches, and many choirs in existence.

When he died the country grieved. He was buried in Llangedmore churchyard. But the people forgot where. There is no record of his grave. His name is remembered, and now there is a monument at the churchyard gate to the man who taught Wales to sing.

On the evening of the unveiling of the monument hundreds of people thronged the Llechryd Methodist Church to sing the hymns and anthems composed by Morgan. He died in 1844.

## THE WARM SIDE UP

### Story of an Old Stone

#### NEWS OF OLD JOHN POWNEY

A curious bit of history has come to light in an old house in Goswell Road, Windsor.

Workmen, busy on repairs, had occasion to lift a hearthstone, and turning it about they saw that it was an old gravestone, set face down.

The date 1684 was clearly to be seen. There was a long Latin inscription, a translation of which runs like this:

Here rests John Powney, sent many times to the Supreme Council of the Kingdom by the Borough of New Windsor but rather through the favour of Charles the Second than that of the citizens. Having held many distinguished posts given him by the king he was struck down at an early age by the sword of a bystander, and died in his 38th year in 1684.

John's was indeed a sad story. The person who composed the epitaph did not tell all the truth about him and the bystander's sword. He certainly was M.P. for Windsor for some years, but he lost his seat after a certain investigation had been made by a committee. He was killed in a duel at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor. Charles the Second was much attached to John, and he was so enraged at his death that the poor man who held the bystander's sword, Captain Flower, was arrested and killed.

How the tombstone found its way from Old Windsor churchyard to a house in Goswell Road is a mystery, but it is strange to think how much warmth and comfort has been given out by a stone which bore such a cold, sad story.

## A Man and His Great Idea

### THE ONE WAY TO BE SURE OF PEACE

There is one idea which will save the world from ruin and chaos and the end of all things: it is the idea of the reign of Law over Force.

There is one man who has preached this idea incessantly day in and day out for years; he is Lord Davies. He would have us form an International Police Force by handing over our Air Force to the League, which would control the Air Forces of the nations and turn them against whoever breaks the Peace. This is what Lord Davies says about it, and we beg our C.N. readers to read it over twice. Lord Davies has founded a society called the New Commonwealth to drive home this idea.

**I** DARE SAY many of you think it was rather an exciting and amusing show. I can tell you it was nothing of the sort. It was a beastly business. Men blown to smithereens with bombs and shells made by women; men hanging on barbed wire riddled with bullets (by the way, lots of people made fortunes out of barbed wire); men choking and coughing their insides out after being gassed; aeroplanes tumbling out of the sky in flames; wounded men drowning in mud and shell holes; bodies everywhere; stench everywhere; mud everywhere; ruins everywhere; rats everywhere; bullets whizzing everywhere! A cheery sort of show, what? Death chased you all day and all night, played hide-and-seek with you. You seldom saw the fellows who were shooting at you. Everyone did his best to keep out of sight. It was not fighting; it was just mass murder.

#### War in the Air

Now, my advice to you is not to keep out of this sort of thing, but to prevent it from happening. You cannot keep out of it once it starts, and I will tell you why. First because you aren't a coward, and if this country is being attacked you will fight to save it, just as we did in 1914. Your dad didn't want to kill Germans, but he thought it was his duty to defend his country. He was quite right. If another fellow hits you you are bound to defend yourself, but in the next war you won't have a chance of defending anyone, because there will be no trenches. I doubt very much whether there will even be any soldiers and sailors.

The next war will be fought in and from the air, and we can't all fight in aeroplanes. There are not enough to go round. Thousands of aeroplanes dropping bombs on cities and towns, especially the ports and the railways, in order to stop the supplies of food and bring everything to a standstill—that is what the next war is going to be like; so we have got to prevent it. You won't be able to fight to defend yourselves or your country, as your dads did. You won't be able to enlist as a soldier or a sailor or even an airman—there won't be time; therefore we have got to prevent it from happening at all.

#### Fair Play

Now, you will say, how are we to stop it? Well, how did our ancestors stop fighting and killing in this country? Not by telling everyone to disarm, but by saying there must be justice for everyone. But it was no use just saying it; they had to do something. They set up courts and enrolled policemen; they set up a new system. Instead of Trial by Battle it was to be Trial by Reason and Common Sense. This is what the lawyers' call equity, which means Fair Play. If anyone had a dispute or a grievance he must take it to court, instead of hitting the other fellow over the head. The policemen were there to prevent him from hurting or killing the other chap and to see that the decisions of the court were carried out.

Now we want to set up the same system for nations, so that, instead of going to war and wiping out each other, they will take all their disputes to a court or tribunal and abide by its decisions. That is what we call the Reign of Law. It is the only way of preventing the bad nation (the Aggressor) from hitting his neighbour on the head.

We have had no civil wars in our country for over 200 years. Why? Because we have adopted this system.

Now we want an International Tribunal and an international police force to settle disputes in Europe and the world, but especially in Europe, because it is only there that the nations can bomb each other.

Therefore we must establish a European Air Police, which we can do by handing over our Air Force to the League of Nations and persuading other countries to do the same.

France has already offered to hand over all her bombing machines to the League, but our Government has refused. If we had agreed the other nations would have followed, perhaps not all at once, but gradually, when they found out that their own national air forces could not compete with a League Police Force. The League doesn't want to bomb anyone. It isn't going to take anyone's territory. It only wants to provide justice for all, and to prevent war, not to make it. Therefore the League is the only international policeman we can have because it has no selfish aims, no axe to grind for itself. It could become a strong impartial body, but it must have force behind it.

#### Public Opinion

Now it has no force. That is why Japan snapped its fingers at the League, bombed Shanghai, and made war on China.

We can all do our bit to stop the next war, not by saying we won't fight, but by joining with other countries in setting up a tribunal or court and a police force. That is the only way to prevent war.

Think and learn about these things. Get at the truth, because what you say and think helps to create public opinion, and that is what decides everything in the end.

Is it not the highest and noblest patriotism to save your country and civilisation by preventing war, which has brought so much death, misery, poverty, and unemployment into the world? Preach the gospel of justice, nationally and internationally, and your lives will not be wasted. You will have helped to bring peace on Earth and the Kingdom of God.

## THE TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

### Science Ahead of Society

The President of the Board of Education, Lord Halifax, had something of note to say in addressing the Doncaster Technical College.

He contrasted the great achievements of engineers and scientists with the manner in which nations had availed themselves of their discoveries.

Food had become cheap and was easily transported across the ocean, yet, he pointed out, the producer could scarcely earn a living. So it was with manufactured goods, the output of the machines that man had harnessed to his service, yet there were millions of human beings for whom the same necessities of life, which were too cheap for those who grew and manufactured them, were prohibitively dear.

#### THE OLD BOY

Mr Charlie Chaplin once played with other hard-up boys in the Borough Market district of London.

Now he is a rich man, living in splendour far away. But he never forgets the grubby little playmates of other days, and the Borough Market sports committee has again received his annual donation of £20 toward the prize fund.

## WHAT IDLE MEN CAN DO

### Work Worth While

#### TURNING RUBBISH INTO BEAUTY

It was significant that next to the exhibit of sordid slum dwellings lately shown at Olympia was the refreshing sight of a stall of vegetables grown on allotments by unemployed men all over the country. Finer specimens can rarely have been seen at a show.

This was a reminder of the splendid work being done by the Friends, who collaborate with the National Allotments Society in providing plots of ground for the workless.

During the last season 118,000 men were given allotment gardens, and 85,000 collections of seeds and nearly 3000 tons of potatoes were supplied, together with 40,000 tools, 650 tons of fertiliser, and a great quantity of lime.

Self-help is the motto of the movement, and the men have already paid in more than £62,000 in small weekly sums to help with the expenses.

Models of huts they have built themselves were shown. In some they keep their tools, while others are community huts. By sinking several wells the men have done useful community work.

Quite half of the allotment ground in the London district consists of coal ashes and lime rubble, and the men have cleared away quantities of tin cans, bicycle wheels, and so on. With the many concrete blocks they have found among builder's rubbish they have made beautiful rockeries, and even used old railway sleepers as garden borders.

## THE ENGLISH BOY AND THE DIVER

### Something New For Time of Danger

A novel diving-apparatus for saving drowning persons has been demonstrated in the lake at Geneva.

The essential point about it is that the diver wears a breastplate which is really a steel bottle of compressed air.

The whole suit is easily handled and can be put on in thirty seconds. The diver can remain below the surface for about 25 minutes.

He is quite free of the ropes or air tubes which usually connect divers with a boat overhead.

At the public demonstration three men went down, and this so excited the interest of a little English boy of 11 who was looking on that he dived down too to see what they were doing. He touched and swam round all three before he came up and gave his opinion of the apparatus. The inventor is Commander Prieur of the French Navy.

## WHO WILL HELP CHINA?

### Inadequate Roads and Railways

Who will help China to help herself?

All who listened to the Dean of Canterbury's vivid broadcast on what he saw in China can have no doubt that help is needed in that troubled land.

The appalling mortality caused by flood and famine is due in a large measure to China's utterly inadequate roads and railways. The United States, comparable in size to China, has 265,000 miles of railway; China 7000. She has 1,300,000 miles of road; China 11,000. There is the need in a nutshell.

Splendid work has been done by America. The International Famine Relief Fund is mainly American, and has helped to make the American name welcomed where the British name is scarcely known.

But American resources have reached their limit. Much vital work will stop unless we send promises of help and send them now. All who can render aid should write at once to Dr Hewlett Johnson, the Deanery, Canterbury.

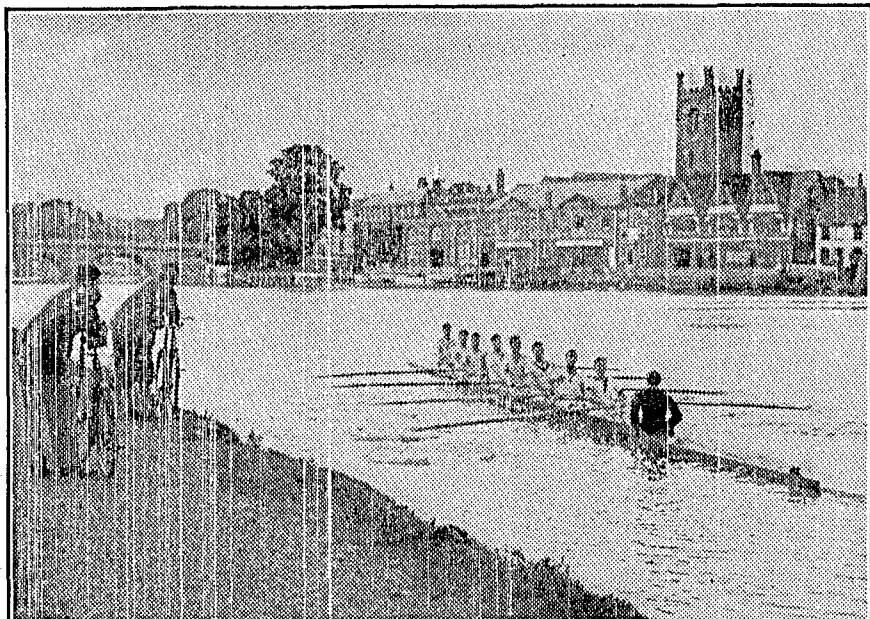


October 13, 1934

*The Children's Newspaper*

9

# CHILDREN'S HIAWATHA · NEXT YEAR'S BOAT RACE · AUSTRALIA AIRWAY



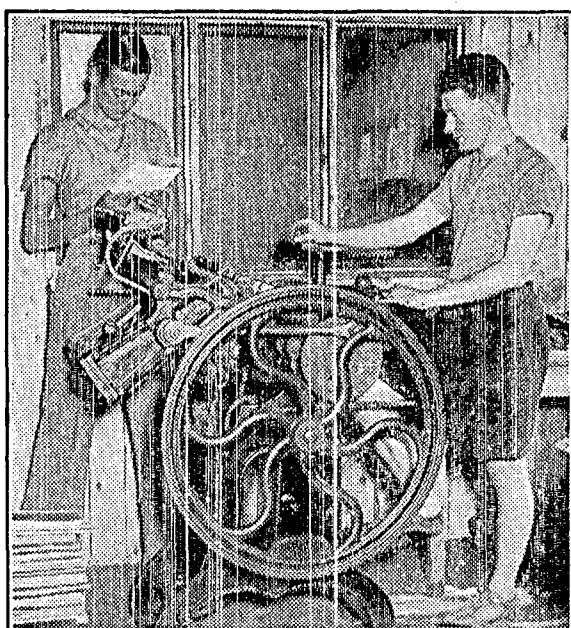
For the Next Boat Race—Oxford is evidently going to make a determined effort to win next year's Boat Race. Preliminary trials with a crew are already taking place at Henley.



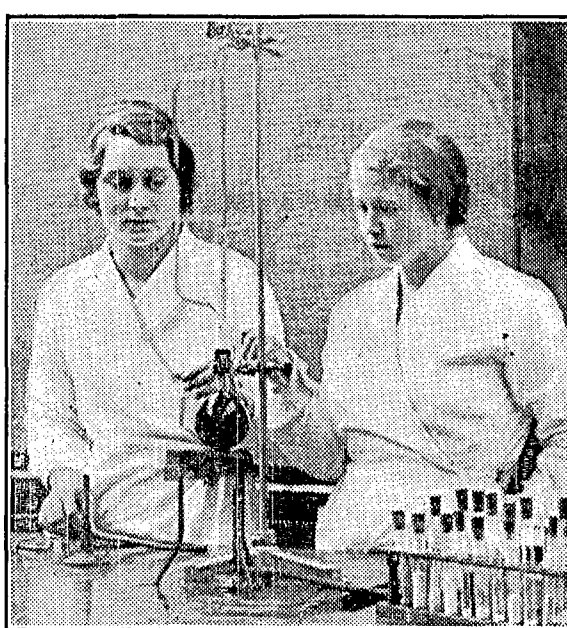
The Last Link—The England-Australia airway will be complete in December. Here we see one of the machines for the Singapore-Brisbane service before leaving Croydon for the East.



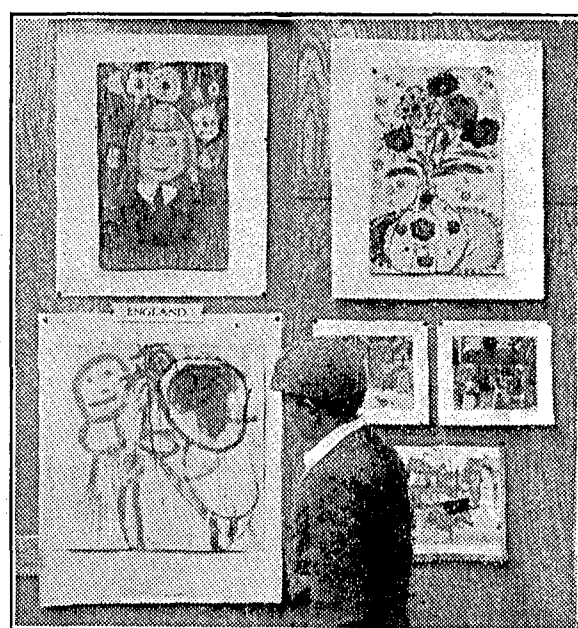
The Death of Minnehaha—Boys and girls of St Wilfred's Junior School at Gateshead have been presenting Longfellow's Hiawatha, for which Coleridge-Taylor wrote the music.



The Printers—Two of the young men who are learning a trade in the Grith Fyrd camp in the New Forest.



In the Laboratory—An experiment by girl students at Queen's College in Harley Street.



Children's R.A.—A peep at the international exhibition of children's art in a Kensington gallery.



## THE REAL SIR THOMAS

### A MALORY DISCOVERY

New Light Appears on an Old Old Story

#### TALE OF ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS FROM A PRISON CELL

A mystery many centuries old has been solved at last. It concerns one who, fittingly enough, dealt in mystery and romance, Sir Thomas Malory, who translated the *Morte D'Arthur* into stately English prose some 450 years ago.

All we have known about him hitherto is that Caxton said the book was "reduced into englysshe by Syr Thomas Malory Knight" in the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth (1469-70) and was printed 16 years later. That alone was certain.

Scholars have searched and searched for some clue to the man. In the 15th century there flourished three families of Malory, and all of them had a liking for the name of Thomas. The author of one of the most famous books in the English language might have been any one of those Thomas Malorys. But now we know him for certain.

#### Things Caxton Left Out

Someone, not many weeks ago, stumbled on a manuscript of the *Morte D'Arthur* in the Fellows Library in Winchester College. How it came to be overlooked before is another mystery. There is no other manuscript of the work known. By the watermark and other indications its date is fixed between 1470-80.

It is believed to be, not Malory's manuscript, but a copy of it, made before Caxton printed the story, and it contains things Caxton left out.

The most important of them comes at the end of the part which Caxton calls Book 4, and it runs:

*And this booke endyth where as Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristramis com to courtle. Who that woll make any more lette him seke other bookis of Kyng Arthure or of Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristrams. For this was drawyn by a knight prisoner Sir Thomas Malleore that God sende hym good recover, Amen.*

#### M.P. For Warwickshire

So now for the first time we know with certainty that Malory was a prisoner, and that the *Morte*, like *Pilgrim's Progress*, was made in prison.

And now we know which Thomas Malory he was.

He was Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revel in Warwickshire, who succeeded his father in 1433 or 1434, after serving for some time in the retinue of the Earl of Warwick in France.

Malory became M.P. for Warwickshire in 1445.

He was arrested in 1451 and again in 1452 because of the part he took in the Wars of the Roses, and he was still in prison in 1468. It is believed that he was released under the general amnesty of 1469, and he died in March 1470.

That is all we know about him except that his grandson inherited his estate.

#### Guess Proved a Certainty

Professor Kittredge, in seeking to discover the author of the *Morte*, discovered this Sir Thomas Malory, and now his guess is proved to be certainty.

He thought the writer of the *Morte* had been in prison because of a vivid passage on the horrors of imprisonment which fitted very well into the story but was not to be found in the original French, and because of a footnote to Book 7:

*I pray you all that redyth this tale to pray for hym that this wrote that God sende hym good deliverance some and hastely. Amen.*

Deliverance from sickness or from the cares of mortal life might have been Malory's desire, but we know now that Professor Kittredge was right in guessing that it was deliverance from prison. It

## HIS TIN HAT

### A Hedgehog Goes Adventuring

#### THE KIND HANDS THAT CAME IN TIME

A hedgehog in the Isle of Sheppey has had a narrow escape from a very uncomfortable and premature death.

He was making his rounds one night when he discovered a tin which once had held fruit salad and had been flung in the ditch by people with no manners.

The hedgehog disapproved of litter louts as much as anyone, but he liked the taste of the trickle of juice in the tin and he thrust his snout deep inside to get more. Then the trouble began.

It was easy enough getting his head in, but the spikes on his neck, falling back to their usual position, prevented him from getting his head out. He pulled this way and that, did everything conceivable that a hedgehog in such circumstances could do. Time passed. Presently he went for a walk, poor thing.

It happened that the helmeted hedgehog went crawling along a sea wall. Soon he heard voices, and tried to roll into a ball and could not. So he stood still and pretended not to be there.

#### The Happy Release

Then something touched him. He dug all his spikes into it, but it went on touching him. He did not know he was wrapped up in an old coat. Then he was picked up and carried away, and for the hundredth time gave himself up for dead and done for.

The next thing he knew was the smell of a car. The next thing, someone was putting another salad tin on his head; no, what were they doing? He was a dead hedgehog, anyway. Goodbye, He did not know that kind hands were cutting the tin away.

Then (he could scarcely believe it) the horrid thing was taken away from his head. He was free. At once he rolled up into a ball and said if anyone dares touch me! The voices went on saying things about him and "Poor old thing." Then they went away, and in a fearful joy the hedgehog crawled away to tell his wife all about it.

## LIKE A PLACE OF THE DEAD

When are you going back to the gold standard? British people are being continually asked in Switzerland.

Because of the low rate of exchange there are so few visitors from our little island that many proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses are bankrupt.

"Montreux is like a place of the dead!" said a visitor who, after several months in a mountain village, had expected to find gaiety and amusement in the town. In the pension where she stayed her landlady was living from hand to mouth, and could only pay her grocer and butcher on the days her occasional visitors paid their bills.

Continued from the previous column

is good to be certain, good to think of Malory as a real man, and not a shadow, to think of the splendours he saw with the Earl of Warwick in his youth, and to know that he was a man who loved his country and his home, striving to serve them in Parliament and in battle, and brave enough to endure long imprisonment after civil war.

But the manuscript does something besides assuring us of Malory's identity.

It proves that Caxton edited Malory freely, improving the grammar and shortening passages which seemed to him too long.

Mr Walter Oakeshott, who has examined the manuscript and described it in an article in *The Times*, says that Professor Vinaver is editing a new edition of the *Morte* and will be allowed to use the newly-discovered manuscript for comparison with Caxton's text.

The Fellows Library has given lovers of English a treasure indeed.

## THE CYCLIST AND HIS POLICY

### A Grievance Under the Road Act

#### THIRD PARTY RISKS

The Road Traffic Act has rightly placed on the proper shoulders the onus of obtaining a legal decision on third-party risks.

No longer is the responsibility with the injured person but with the insurance company. There was a great outcry on behalf of insurance companies against this clause, and its application to one class of motorists may lead to undeserved hardship.

If a third party is injured through the negligence of a motor-cyclist while carrying a pillion passenger the insurance company will still be liable in spite of the fact that the motor-cyclist is not insured for pillion riding. Insurance companies therefore are proposing to accept no insurances from motor-cyclists which do not include a clause covering pillion riding, and, in consequence, there will be an increase in the premium of 10s in the £.

#### 150,000 Motor-Cyclists Affected

It is estimated that there will be 150,000 motor-cyclists affected, and the extra burden will bear hardly upon the great majority of them, for it will apply to the riders of motor-cycles on which it is practically impossible to carry a pillion passenger. It will apply to workmen who use motor-cycles for travelling between their homes and their work, and to district nurses who use motor-cycles in country districts; neither group carries pillion passengers.

It has been pointed out that, having unwillingly paid a premium, the motor-cyclist may now decide to carry a pillion passenger even though his machine is not suited for this purpose, and the result may be an increase of this danger.

Insurance companies will receive an extra £200,000 in premiums, practically all of it paid by people for a risk they are not going to take. Surely there should be some way of meeting hardships without penalising all for the recklessness of a few.

## THREE GOOD THINGS

### Somebody is Always Helping

Birmingham is not going to be left behind. While London University is slowly pushing its roots into the ground Birmingham is choosing a place for her own extensions. There is to be an Institute of Fine Arts attached to the university very soon.

This was made possible by Lady Barber's handsome bequest, which is to bring in £20,000 a year. An architect has been chosen—Mr Robert Atkinson of London, who was director of the Architectural Association Schools and is an expert on modern architecture.

In the meantime science at Birmingham is not to suffer. Mr A. E. Hills, a retired tube manufacturer, has handed to the university a little present of £45,000 and said Pull down your chemistry huts and build greater.

Mr Hills wants to see conditions for brilliant students made easier, and it is not too much to say that in years to come hundreds of young men will bless his name.

Another name that should be called blessed is absent from the third marvellous piece of news we saw in one day. Someone who prefers to be nameless has given to the Hebrew University of Jerusalem £40,000 for the foundation of an Institute for Cancer Research.

These three pieces of news, eloquent of that noblest of all causes, the advancement of learning, appeared in one day, and should give people who consider the world is given up to self-seeking something to think about.

## WHY NATIONS SUBSIDISE FLYING

### Questions For the Taxpayer

#### WAR OFFICES AND AEROPLANES

Never before was an industry so generally subsidised by Governments as is the aeroplane trade.

Each nation, in addition to building and organising a fighting air service at an enormous cost, subsidises commercial aviation. Most aeroplanes fly, not on the fares they collect from passengers, but on fares plus public subsidies. This is done to build up an aeroplane industry and to train pilots and mechanics. With the same object flying clubs are subsidised as no other sport has ever been.

In America the aircraft manufacturers say it is impossible to dissociate military and civil aircraft production. They also say that America must regard aviation in its numerous branches and activities as a national concern to which the ordinary rules of industrial development, organisation, and commerce cannot apply.

That is the accepted doctrine everywhere, and few challenge it, though there are aeroplane manufacturers in this country who would like the subsidy to be dropped and the industry set on its own feet. The pitiable thing is that at present we are subsidising an industry which will make possible a new and most terrible form of warfare, which must strike at civilian populations, at the old and young, at the sick and infirm, at the woman and the child.

#### The Undefined Enemy

To obtain the means thus to war upon an undefined enemy each State pays heavy subsidies to aviation, some of the subsidies being so disguised that the taxpayers who provide the money do not realise what they are doing.

Each State, of course, declares that it has no intention of bombing the men, women, and children of its neighbours; and that the need to defend is the only motive of its expenditure.

When it is pointed out that there is no really effective defence to air attack it is urged that the possession of means to make air attack is a wise precaution because it makes other nations afraid of what may happen to them, and that, therefore, to be the strongest "air nation" is to be safe.

We need not wonder that the shares of the various aircraft companies have been booming in price.

## A SIGN OF THE TIMES

### Are China's Millions Waking?

China's impoverished millions have been known as the most docile people on Earth, but they are waking. Many signs point to this fact.

One of the most recent is the formation of a Paupers Party at Ting-hsing-hsien in Hopeh Province, the place where the beloved Jimmy Yen, already known to C.N. readers, is trying to raise the level of the people's existence by his mass education movement.

The Paupers Party opposes high rents and high taxes and exists to put forward the claims of the disinherited.

It would be interesting to know what influence Dr Yen's enlightened work in Hopeh Province has had on this effort of the paupers to improve their own condition through political action.

Dr Yen is one of the most sincere of Chinese reformers. An idealist who dreamed as a young man of what he might do to reform the whole world, he is content now, as he approaches middle age, to try to make life good in one village. If he can do this in a sound way, he thinks, the news of his methods will spread, other places will copy, and in that way he will best help his province and China.



October 13, 1934

## MARS AND REGULUS

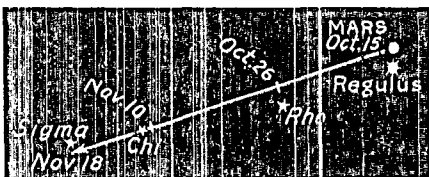
As Twin Stars of the Morning Sky  
A POSSIBLY INHABITED WORLD  
AND A WHIRLING FURNACE

By the C.N. Astronomer

During next week a good opportunity will occur to identify the planet Mars in the morning sky. He will appear near to and but little more than twice the Moon's apparent width above the bright star Regulus.

The latest time to see them clearly will be about 5 o'clock, when they will be fairly high in the south-east sky; they may, however, be observed to better advantage an hour or two earlier against a darker sky but at a lower altitude. No other bright stars are near, so they cannot be mistaken.

Mars, which will appear of a reddish tint, is now about 180,000,000 miles away, but is slowly getting nearer to us and becoming brighter in preparation



Present position of Mars relative to Regulus, the arrow showing his rapid progress and his near approach to some of the stars of Leo

for his splendid appearance next year, when he will rival Jupiter and they will be seen in close proximity.

At his present great distance Mars appears very small when observed telescopically and only four and a half seconds of arc in width or a trifle larger than a penny seen at the distance of a mile; this would be visible to the naked eye if it were brilliantly illuminated, but its disc would not present a perceptible width without a powerful telescope.

Very little detail can therefore be seen on Mars at present, but by April of next year he will be more than three times this width and appear brighter than he has been for many years, because he will approach closer to us. Meanwhile we may watch Mars move away to the left of Regulus, following the path shown in the star-map. He will rise earlier each day until by January we shall see him before midnight.

The long absence of Mars from our evening sky is due to the fact that after our Earth passes him, as she speeds along in her orbit, it takes her about two years and 50 days to catch up to him again. The last time these two worlds were at their closest was in March 1933; the next time will be in April 1935.

Though Regulus and Mars will appear like twin stars to the naked eye next week the actual differences between them are enormous.

Mars is but a small world, only 4215 miles in diameter, and with a surface not much more than a quarter of what the Earth possesses. The planet shines by the Sun's reflected light, has seasons, night and day; air, water, and is possibly a land of sentient living beings.

### Tempestuous Fury

Regulus, on the other hand, is a colossal sun, a whirling furnace of fire and tempestuous fury in which the surface temperatures are much greater than the burning carbon of an electric arc light, and all the metals that we know can only exist as incandescent vapour in such heat. This heat exceeds 12,000 degrees Centigrade, greater even than that of Sirius and twice that of our Sun. Regulus radiates 70 times the light of our Sun.

The diameter of this rapidly rotating mass of flame has been calculated to be about 3,000,000 miles. It is, therefore, about 828 million times the size of Mars and 127 million times the size of the Earth; but Regulus is 7,114,000 times farther off than Mars.

G. F. M.

## PRESERVING OUR FAIR FIELDS

Pumping Water From 140,000 Acres

PROUD MR SMITH

The opening of a pumping station at the village of St Germans in Norfolk, whereby 140,000 acres of fertile soil have been preserved, reminds us of the long fight Man still wages with Nature, even in England.

These acres are in the Fen country and in the last fifty years have actually sunk six feet in some places. In the meantime the River Ouse has been gradually silting up, with the result that it was impossible in times of flood for the water poured on this land to reach the sea by gravitation. There was a danger of the whole area becoming a swamp and a breeding-place for mosquitoes.

### Most Powerful Plant of Its Kind

This Fen country, however, is under the guardianship of the Middle Level Board, which is responsible for preserving it. The Board has spent £224,000 in installing the most powerful pumping plant in the world to complete the drainage works, on which they have expended £750,000 during the last 30 years. Dams have been strengthened and channels cut, with the result that an acreage to the value of £3,000,000 has been preserved for England.

Mr Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, set the pumps in motion the other day, and one of the proudest men with him must have been the 85-year-old farmer, Mr Hugh Smith, of Hunstanton, who with Mr Hugh Whittome had worked out this splendid scheme. Mr Smith is the typical man of the Fens whose whole life is a struggle with Nature.

Like the Dutchmen across the sea, these men of the Fens must not let their dykes rot or their trenches fill up, or the tide will come, like a thief in the night, to swamp the fertile soil on which they depend for their daily bread.

### OLD ENEMIES SHAKE HANDS

#### Historic Meeting of Two Kings

With the many growing estrangements in the world today the reconciliation between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia is most welcome. For 20 years these two Balkan States have been either active or passive enemies, Bulgaria having been one of the nations beaten in the war.

In recent months, however, their rulers have realised that with self-sacrifice on either side they can achieve a unity which will secure for them a powerful influence in the councils of Europe. Twenty-two years ago Serbia, the dominant part of Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria were allies, and in the brief space of time in which they fought side by side they drove the Turk almost out of Europe.

The new alliance culminated the other day when King Alexander of Yugoslavia with his Queen paid a visit to King Boris at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, and was greeted by the whole population of the city together with 50,000 Bulgar peasants who had come into the capital for the festive occasion.

The Balkans have long been regarded as one of the danger spots for the peace of Europe; the spark which has started many a great war has been struck in this mountainous area. This new alliance between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia ends one more of the feuds which have been rife among the warlike races which inhabit South-East Europe.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Latimer and Ridley Pass Through the Fire

OCTOBER 16, 1555

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!

See Latimer and Ridley in the might Of Faith coupled for a common flight! One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)

Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold

A torch of inextinguishable light; The Other gains a confidence as bold; And thus they foil their enemy's despite.

The penal instruments, the shows of crime,

Are glorified while this once-mitred pair

Of saintly Friends the "murderer's chain partake,

Corded, and burning at the social stake":

Earth never witnessed object more sublime

In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

William Wordsworth

### A CHANGE COMING OVER FRANCE

#### Her Foreigners

#### MORE CHILDREN NEEDED

The fall in the French population in recent years has been accompanied by an increase in the number of foreign residents. Many of these become naturalised as French citizens, but millions remain alien.

At the 1931 Census the return of foreigners was 2,890,000, of whom 1,258,000 were wage-earners.

The chief nations contributing to France's foreign population in 1931 were Italy 830,000, Belgium 465,000, Poland 452,000, Spain 360,000. Our own countrymen are few, about 60,000.

Since the depression the entry of foreign workers into France has been restricted, and every foreign worker has to have an identity card stating his trade, from which he is not allowed to transfer.

Through her lack of new lives France has had to recruit foreign labour to carry on her work. Thus in the Eastern economic region of the Savoy and the Upper Alps, where large works have sprung up with abundant supplies of electric power, it was found in 1931 that out of 110,000 factory workers 35,000 were foreigners.

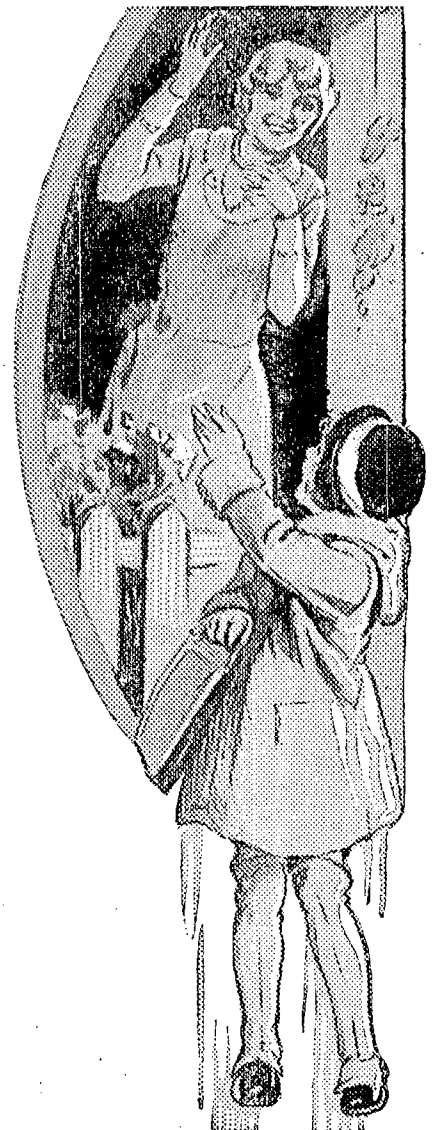
In the Northern textile area, the chief centres of the cotton, linen, and woollen industries, over 60,000 Belgian workers in 1930 held special passports for coming into France for daily work. Foreign workers in agricultural occupations, according to an inquiry conducted in 1927, numbered 254,500, of whom nearly 33,300 were owners.

Few people realise that, through the great fall in the British birth-rate, the same need for foreign labour may be felt here in the near future.

#### PIT TO PULPIT

While unemployment is a terrible curse to many some have turned it into a blessing.

Eight years ago Roddymore Colliery, Crook, closed down and two brothers, Frank Robinson and William Robinson, lost their jobs. Instead of giving way to despair they went to the public library, borrowed some books, and began to study for the Church. Now, eight years after, Frank Robinson is vicar of St Barnabas at Deptford and his brother William is in charge of the Deaf and Dumb Mission at Cleethorpes.



## Off to School with Health and Energy

LET your children start the day with an abundant store of energy. Give them 'Ovaltine' as their breakfast beverage. 'Ovaltine' is supremely rich in the nutritive elements which are essential for building up reserves of strength and vitality—the best protection against coughs, colds and other illnesses.

'Ovaltine' is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. Although imitations are made to look like 'Ovaltine,' there are obvious and extremely important differences.

Unlike imitations 'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Remember these facts. Remember also that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' have a world-wide reputation as specialists in the science of nutrition.

For all these reasons 'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself. Reject substitutes.

**'OVALTINE'**

Gives Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



# Arthur Mee's Broadcast C.N. AUTUMN SUPPLEMENT

NEXT week's enlarged C.N. will contain the first of a series of Autumn Supplements of great interest and value. Week by week we shall look into the Past, we shall survey the changing Present, and we shall peer into the Future.

WHAT a world is ours! What incredible things are happening in it! We wonder what it is all about and where it is all leading to. Week by week we of the C.N. will say what we think about it all.

WHO are we? What are we doing here? Where are we going? Does God really rule the world, and what is our business in it? In these supplements Arthur Mee will say what he thinks of these things.

## Familiar Sights in Our New World

The 20th century has transformed the world. In the old days it was the man on horseback, a train, a sailing ship, that were the familiar things; what are they now?

They are the man up in the clouds, like a bird by day or like a moving star by night; the man at the wheel, the captain on the bridge of the great ship; the man perched on the parapet of a great new building, the man going down into the sea, or the Robot which is so like a man and does his work. We shall look at them all.

## Natural Events of Next Week

We shall find room among our pictures to look at the things that are happening in Nature week by week, among animals and birds, and plants and insects. Week by week we shall keep up with them with photographs from our countryside.

## The Editor's School Journeys

What boy or girl at school does not love the little journey which schools are sometimes lucky enough to be able to arrange? In these Supplements we shall take little journeys with the C.N., sometimes to a little village or to a town, sometimes to a great building.

## The Biggest Human Event of All Time

One event of our century has been the biggest human event in the history of the world. It will affect all the rest of our lives. It has changed the fate of all peoples and all nations.

It is the Great War. What was it all about? What really happened in this tremendous convulsion of the world? We are going to try to tell you so that you can read it in an hour.

## The C.N. Museum

We are going to give a fine gallery of pictures of relics of our heroes, of Drake and Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and so on. They will be fine little things to collect.

## What You Will Live To See

Wonderful as the world is it will be more wondrous still. It changes every day and every hour, and no man knows what you will live to see. What will the films be like in a few more years, the railways, the roads, flying, and wireless, and power? All these things one of our scientific writers will talk to us about.

So these Supplements will go on from week to week, with fine pictures to look at and fine things to read; and, in addition to all this, particulars will be given of a great

## C.N. HANDWRITING TEST

THERE will be thousands of prizes, some for your school and some for you. It will give you a chance of winning perhaps £10 or £25 for your school, or a book or a pen for yourself, for there will be 1000 Waterman pens and 1000 copies of Arthur Mee's Shakespeare among the prizes.

**Order Next Week's Copy Now**

## THE TRADE IN DEATH Big International Traffic OUR SHARE

The League of Nations Year Book of the Trade in Arms contains some very striking figures.

In five years 39 countries exported £51,000,000 worth of arms and ammunitions. One-third of these exports were British, and we are the largest trader in war material.

In 1932 we supplied nearly 30 per cent of the total exports of £6,973,798, the next largest exporters being France with 28 per cent, Sweden 11 per cent, America 9 per cent, and Holland 6. However, more than a third of our exports go to our Dominions and Colonies; for the rest, our principal customers in 1932 were Spain, Japan, Poland, and Portuguese East Africa.

## BETTER THAN EL DORADO

### The Plight of the Assyrians

The Assyrian who came down like a wolf on the fold would have found the tables turned if he could have seen the plight of the Assyrians who survived the massacre a year ago.

At last a home has been found in British Guiana for nearly 20,000 of these refugees from Irak.

This is encouraging news, for after the refusal of the President of Brazil to allow them to settle in that country the fate of the unfortunate people was still in the balance.

Here is another benefit brought about by the League of Nations, to whom the Assyrian minority in Irak sent a petition pleading that some territory might be found for them.

Columbus first sighted Guiana in 1498, and several adventurers explored the country in hopes of finding El Dorado. If they do not find a golden city the Assyrians will find rich timber forests, an abundance of fruit, and the many rivers well supplied with fishes.

## MR BROWN IN THE TYPHOON The 91st Psalm

Mr Stanley Brown, a textile representative at Bradford, was aboard the Osaka-Tokyo express when it was wrecked in the Japanese typhoon, and it was feared that he had perished.

No news could be obtained of him for some days, and hope had almost gone when a cable arrived at his firm containing the message: "Everything all right. See Psalm 91." His firm turned up the Psalm and found in it these words:

*Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*

*A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. There shall no evil befall thee.*

## THE VILLAGE BELLS How They Saved the Breton Fishermen

While a number of Breton fishermen were recently fishing off the coast of La Turballe they were caught in dense fog and lost their bearings. Fearful of running on the rocks they anchored at sea.

Their friends on the shore, knowing the perilous situation they were in, made desperate endeavours to get into touch with them, and at last the village priest had a capital idea.

He gave orders for the church bells to be rung, and the peal reached the fishermen and guided them to safety.

## DR GARDEN AND HIS MEDICINE-BOX What the Flowers Do For Us

By a Scientific Correspondent

Few of us know what a store of good medicines there is in our own gardens.

Centuries ago, when medical science was in its infancy, the herbs and essences of common plants were almost the only medicines available. But even today an astonishing number of herbs, roots, and flowers around us are used, far more than most of us appreciate.

The powdered leaves of mistletoe are recommended as a nerve tonic and a specific for epilepsy. The root and flowers of the lily-of-the-valley are a specific for heart disease. Roasted roots of the dandelion are ground to make up a sort of coffee which is very good for rheumatism.

### When the Plague Ravaged London

Ivy berries, extracted with vinegar, were once used as an important cure for plague when that dread disease ravaged London, while the leaves are still used for poultices and fomentations.

The lobelia plant, with its pretty blue flowers, is today described as one of the most valuable remedies ever discovered; the herb and seeds are used as an emetic and stimulant in croup and whooping-cough. Infusions are made from the bark, flowers, and berries of the elder; the leaves of the blackcurrant are used in the treatment of febrile complaints. The ancients used the leaves, fruit, and oil of the laurel on quite a large scale, and the oil is still used as an application for rheumatism.

So one might go on almost indefinitely. Cowslip flowers are good for insomnia, the guelder rose for cramp and convulsions. Extracts from the honeysuckle are given for asthma, while a lotion made from rosemary not only cures headache but will prevent premature baldness!

### A New and Important Book

The botanical drugs and preparations made from simple flowers and roots form the subject of a new and important book on medical preparations which tells of extracts or infusions or powders prepared from practically every single plant and flower found in the home garden or meadow except the buttercup.

Some of us may think the day has come when doctors use only drugs prepared from highly complicated chemicals. The fact is rather that we understand better than ever in these days how to make use of the cures which Nature has provided us with in the herbs and flowers around us, and that we are using these homely drugs, often perhaps under very long and awe-inspiring names, with a better knowledge and surer purpose than in bygone times.

## AUSTRALIA TO LONDON IN EIGHT DAYS

### Record Flight By a Youth of 20

Early one morning a fair-haired youth stepped from a plane which had just alighted at Croydon Airport.

Asked where he had come from, he answered, in matter-of-fact tones, Australia.

He was Mr James Melrose, a young Australian of 20, who is to be a competitor in the great air race from Mildenhall to Melbourne.

He had set out from Darwin in his Puss Moth with £10 in his pocket and completed the journey in eight days, nine hours—the fastest trip to date between Australia and England.



# THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story  
By John Mowbray

## CHAPTER 21 Harbour Starts In

It was only Crittall whom Truman and Popplestone saw approaching. He had left his cap in the House and the March wind was blowing his hair all over his brow.

He looked vigorous and without a care in the world, except that he was obviously as shy as ever, for, catching sight of the pair as they caught sight of him, he hesitated and seemed to turn back, and then stepped off the path and wandered away toward the trees.

"He saw us all right!" whispered Truman.

"Yes, he saw us," breathed Pop.

And both of them had spoken in that awed tone with which Popplestone had first exclaimed "Look who's coming!"

They stood looking after him as he went to the trees. Their faces were as awed as their voices had been. You might have thought they were afraid of Crittall.

They were afraid of Crittall. So were the other juniors; because Crittall had been in contact with the unknown. They shrank from him as people shrink sometimes from sleepwalkers.

No one dared to question him now. Doubtless some might have done so when he first came out of the San, three or four weeks ago; but his restoration to the everyday life of the school had been preceded by an order to leave him alone. His memory had not returned, they were warned, and he mustn't be troubled or badgered, for his own sake. His mind had got to be nursed, as the doctor expressed it. He must be treated and taken as though he had never disappeared; none of them was to ask him about his experience or talk about it in his presence or hearing.

At first they had found this hard. But then it grew natural. And, as naturally, the bond set Crittall apart and left him apart; a person enveloped in mystery, a person to whom you couldn't talk easily and freely because you had to look out for what you might say. And whatever you did you must not mention the woods. Someone, perhaps it was Harbour, had made that slip one day. And Crittall had looked so startled, so upset in fact, that not another word was spoken on the subject.

In almost every other respect he seemed his old self. He worked well, he was beginning French over again, and had been heard to say what an easy language it was.

But while all were being good to Crittall so far as they could consistently with that strange nervous dread he inspired, there was one who went out of his way to be decent to him. And this was Mr Farrington, anxious, presumably, to make up to him for that withering tempest of sarcasm. He had him up to his room to listen to gramophone records, he lent him books and magazines, and he took him for walks.

But people whispered that young Mr Farrington took Crittall for walks in order that nothing might happen to him a second time.

Harbour, in the meanwhile, had fought his own battle. He had conquered the wood; that is to say, he had conquered his fear of the wood. He had been right through it, and met no one but Jephthah the ratcatcher, collecting roots for a concoction of his own making, which occasionally he used in his war against vermin.

Having finished with the wood, Harbour's mind went off to the slate quarry; for his dogged nature insisted that he would like to find out for certain which way Crittall did take on that terrible Saturday. It was not as if the matter did not concern him. Did there not always survive in the back of his mind a reflection as disturbing as it was gruesome, "Supposing I'd gone with Crittall that afternoon!"

This reflection had taken root. It came between him and his work and between him and his games, until it was forcing him to try to trace Crittall's movements.

Was it really Crittall who had been seen approaching the woods, or some other boy easily mistakable for him? In that case had Crittall gone or been lured to the quarry? Accordingly, without breathing a word of his purpose, Harbour went to the quarry this afternoon.

But he had not approached within earshot before he felt that he was in for a disappointment. There was no burring of the machines which saved the quarried slate, no thump of wooden mallet on chisel as the men dressed it, nor any of the usual sounds of activity. He pressed on till he arrived, and stood on the lip, where he found himself looking down upon two or three overturned wheelbarrows, but nothing that resembled the shape of a man.

He made his way round to the foreman's hut on the other side. The door was closed and secured with a padlock. He glanced through the window. He could see the remains of some bread and cheese on the table, a few timekeeping books set apart on a shelf over the mantelpiece, a portable oil stove and a can of oil in one corner, a pair of hard, well-rubbed chairs, and a greasy cap, with a macintosh on a peg. But that was all.

"Well, I've wasted my time," he said wryly. "There's nothing there to give me a clue to Crittall."

The quarrymen had knocked off work for the day. His impression was this. But next he reflected that more likely they were taking a holiday for some reason. And then, on the heels of this second thought, rushed a third—had steady work been going on here week by week? It didn't always. There were spells, he believed, when the quarry had little to do because local slate was no longer employed in large quantities.

Yes, he remembered Mr Farrington telling them that when he took the Field Club on the first of its rambles last term.

## CHAPTER 22 A Clue?

So Harbour continued to think hard. Was it perfectly certain that the quarry had been at work on the day of Crittall's disappearance? Or had it been as idle then as it was today? He didn't see that this actually mattered very much, but his doggedness would not let him rest till he knew. All right, then; he could ask those chaps who had been on their way to the quarry at the time when they thought they saw Crittall in the water-meadows.

He returned to the hut and he pressed his nose against the window-pane. Yes, those scraps of bread and that nibbled bit of cheese looked thoroughly stale: they hadn't been left there yesterday.

His heart gave a jump. Had the quarry been empty when Crittall came along and had Crittall started scrambling down, fallen, and given his head a whack which had injured his memory?

But not so fast. What were the facts? One, there was no proof yet that Crittall had come here. Two, Dr Benson had found no signs of a blow on the head or of any other hurt when he examined Crittall. Three, a hard scrap of mouldy cheese seemed ridiculous evidence that nobody had been at work in the quarry this year.

Very well. He must rout about for more evidence.

For having got his teeth into the idea that Crittall might have been here, that this might have been the scene of Crittall's horrible experience, Harbour didn't mean to let go until he was forced.

With his nose pressed against the pane still, he stared at the stove. Did the stove look neglected or rusty as though out of use for a long time? Well, it didn't look over bright, but who could decide? for all would depend, he supposed, how its user attended to it. That greasy cap? Well, it could have hung there from the Flood, and just as easily have been tossed up there yesterday. The timekeeping books? They were shabby, but that revealed nothing. And the macintosh, torn and roughly patched, was as bad.

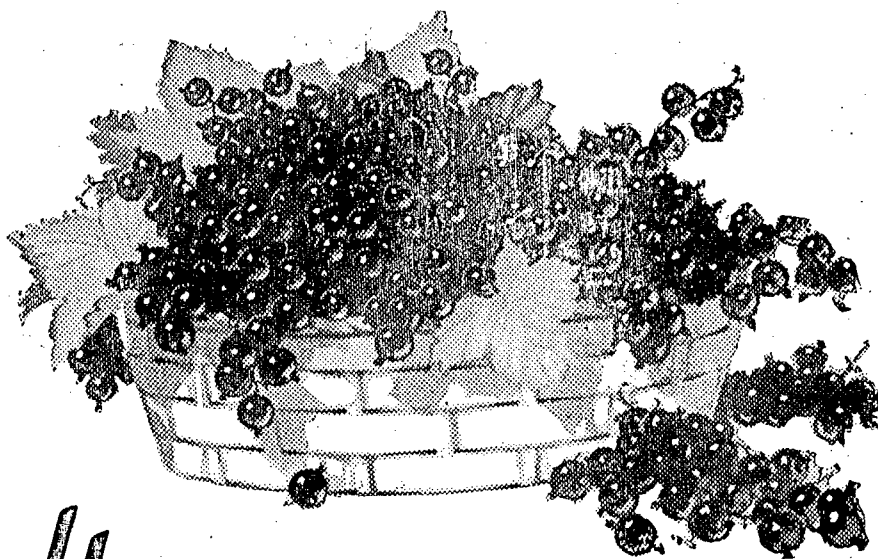
He drew back from the window. "My dear Harbour," he remarked savagely, "you must be even a bigger mug than I thought you if your eyes can't tell you whether a hut has been recently occupied, or whether it has been standing empty for weeks." And after this longish speech he returned to his thoughts.

First he wrinkled his brow into furrows. Next he let it smooth straight again. And finally a sparkle appeared in his eyes.

"My dear old Harbour," he said, with a great air of condescension, "What does slate make? Well, it makes roofs for houses. It makes facings for walls; you know the slate plates you see overlapping timber or stonework on some cottages? If you put a piece in a frame you can do your sums on it. But I'll tell you something more it makes, my brave lad!" Harbour was actually chuckling with himself now. "Slate makes a peculiar, thin, grey dust of its own which can worm its way through any an old crevice or crack!"

He was pleased with this. It had set him on the right tack. If nobody had been using this hut for five or six weeks the hut would be full of that fine, imperceptible dust. In the contrary event, as slate dust makes people choke, they would have been certain, he reasoned, to have kept the hut jolly well swept!

Continued on the next page



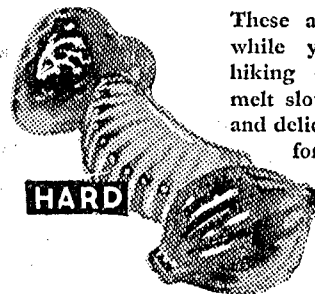
# You can taste the fruit in Rowntree's

Picture a great helping of home-made blackcurrant jam spread thick on new bread and butter. Recall the sweet, sharp smell wafted in clouds of steam from a blackcurrant pudding just opened and the exciting taste of that dark juice which makes streaks in the cream and turns the snowy sugar blue.

Now that's what Rowntree's mean when they say Blackcurrant: all that and just that! And this full and perfect blackcurrant flavour comes from Rowntree's in three forms. One is soft, one hard and one between the two—as in all the other Rowntree's true-fruit flavours: Lemon, Orange, Lime, Apricot, Gooseberry, Strawberry, Raspberry, Plum.

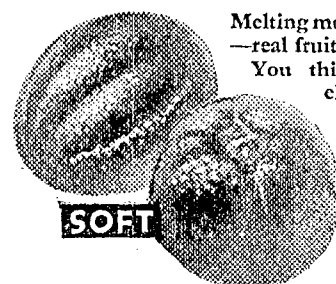
## CLEAR GUMS

These are sweets to eat while you are playing, hiking or biking. They melt slowly—satisfying—and delicious. The sweets for boys—of all ages.



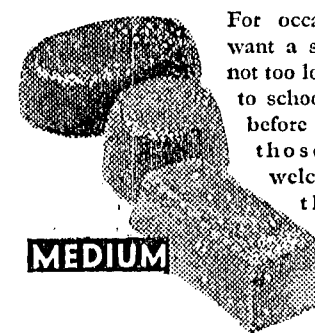
## JUICY-FRUIT

Melting mouthfuls of magic—real fruit and pure sugar! You think of nothing else while one of these melts quickly in your mouth. Then you want to think about the one you are going to have next.



## FRUIT PASTILLES

For occasions when you want a sweet to last—but not too long. For the walk to school—for the pause before the next set—for those minutes of welcome rest before the next half begins.



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For threepence you can buy a packet which contains sweets of all three kinds, Clear Gums, Juicy-Fruits and Fruit Pastilles—in all the different, delicious flavours. Buy one to-day.

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Continued from the previous page

Was there much of that powdery dust in the hut, then? You couldn't possibly make sure by just looking through the window. The only way to make sure was by getting inside.

"But *cave!*" he warned himself. "Don't damage the padlock!"

So, as the padlock refused to yield, he prodded all round the hut on the off chance of finding some other way of getting in. But there was nothing except the window. He dared not break that. Then he placed his hands on either side of the frame, and, behold! the lower window-sash moved to his touch. And all the time he'd taken for granted that it was fastened! He pushed up the window and was inside the hut in two ticks.

"You'd make a useful burglar, Harbour," he muttered. "You'll have to go in for burgling when you leave Bodlands."

He was feeling flippant, it seems. But his face stiffened speedily, and so did his thoughts, when he ran his hand over the table and withdrew it all covered with the grey, hardly visible powder. And then to the stove, and the macintosh, and the time-books; the same deep coating of slate dust on one and all.

"That proves it!" he said. "When Crittall came to the quarry they were no more working in it than they are now!"

He was outside again. He intended to scramble down into the quarry to discover if there were any signs of a bad tumble or of anything which a chap might have lost in a tumble? Down he went, slithering a good deal at first but on the look-out all the time for any bad break in the face; then, more easily, dropping from shelf to shelf of the slate which was quarried in tiers like the seats round some old amphitheatre; indeed, except that this quarry was of no size, it reminded him remarkably of a ruined amphitheatre.

Down from tier to tier till he came to the bottom: the arena it would have been in a real amphitheatre. It was here that he had sighted the overturned wheelbarrows. He threaded his way through rubble and slate to the nearest: the band of steel round the wheel was red with rust. That did settle it, then, he told himself in some excitement. If Crittall had wandered here and met with an accident there was nobody by to assist. That was proved now.

He was glowing and disappointed at the same time. He glowed because he had solved that which he had hoped to solve when staring through that window at his wit's end. He was disappointed because, so far as he saw, this didn't bring him nearer to solving Crittall.

"So the quarry hasn't really helped me," he sighed.

But wait a minute! It had. It had crossed itself out: it had cancelled itself as one of the factors of Crittall! "Deduct the wood, deduct the quarry, from Crittall, and what have we left?" he asked himself patiently. With a laugh he snatched a pencil out of his pocket, and wrote the solution down in the style of his Algebra:

Crittall minus wood minus quarry equals narrow lane.

There you were! His investigation had proved that the mysterious occurrence which stole Crittall's memory had overtaken him in the narrow lane!

After all! After he had practically dismissed the narrow lane from his range. "No," said Harbour, "I don't think I'll go in for burgling: I'll go in for being a detective. That is more my mark."

But while weighing the misty merits of these two careers he had not neglected one possible flaw in his masterpiece—was he positive he had missed no traces of Crittall in this place?

It was just as well Harbour left himself this proviso, for he had hardly been poking about for another five minutes before he espied a scrap of paper among some rubble and chippings which turned out to be a loose page from a French text-book.

Harbour thrilled. This discovery seemed the link he was seeking. It was less likely, he considered, that some aimless wind had blown the sheet here than that Crittall, in his quaint and shy fashion, had popped down into the empty quarry for a quiet go at his French, when the something had happened.

So far so good: he had traced Crittall to the quarry.

So, after another look round which yielded nothing, he slipped the page into his pocket, climbed to the top, and was beginning thoughtfully to wend his way back when he heard his name bawled and turned with a start to see someone hurrying after him. It was Dunstable, a big fellow in Lower Sixth.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO ALTERS THE CLOCK

It was the end of Summer Time, as the B.B.C. Announcer had reminded them only an hour or so ago.

"Why, I never put the clock back when I was setting the alarm!" cried Mother Jacko, as she was on her way up to bed. "How stupid of me to forget! We have nearly missed the chance of an extra hour's sleep."

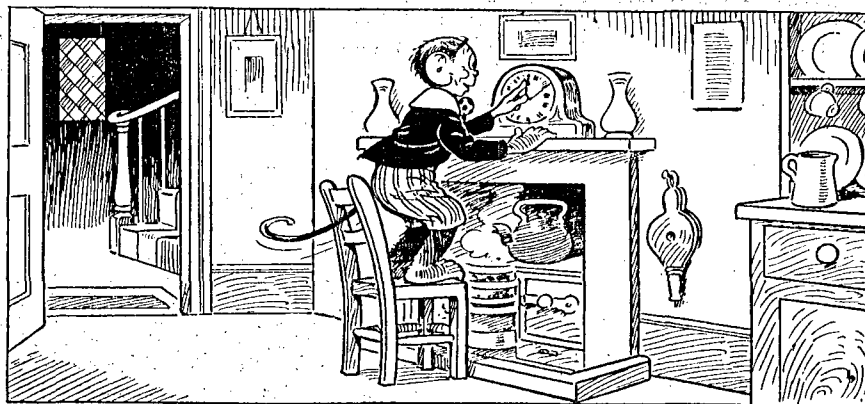
"Let me do it, Mater. I'll do it!" cried Jacko, who was behind her.

It was an hour later. The Mater's got it wrong. It ought to be put forward."

So certain was he that he was right and his mother wrong that Jacko set all the clocks in the house forward an hour; then, feeling very pleased with himself for being such a bright lad, he went to bed....

"Zoom-m-m! Burr-r-r! Zoom-m-m! Zoom-m-m! Zoom-m-m!"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs



"Mater's got it wrong," muttered Jacko

Mrs Jacko hesitated. It had been a busy day and she was tired.

"Very well," she said. "But be careful, and mind you don't put the hand back more than an hour."

Before she had finished speaking Jacko had whisked out of sight round the kitchen door. He reached up to the mantelpiece and got busy. It was an alarm clock right enough, and when it went off every sleeper in the house was awakened by a terrific noise.

Jacko looked very wise.

"Coo!" he murmured: "I'm sure you don't put the clock back to make

Jacko, sitting up in bed. "An extra hour in bed indeed! I never knew such a short night."

Then she looked at her watch. It was only half-past five!

"That's young Jacko again! I'll give it to him for playing a trick like this and waking us up at this hour!" she cried.

In vain Jacko tried to explain why the clocks should have been put forward. But Mother Jacko wasn't having any nonsense. "Your father will have something to say about this," she said grimly, "unless I am very much mistaken."

And she wasn't.



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## A delicious Sweet for any occasion

The wise mother always keeps a packet or two of Wincarnis Wine Jelly in the house. Then she is never at a loss to produce at short notice a delicious sweet worthy of any occasion.

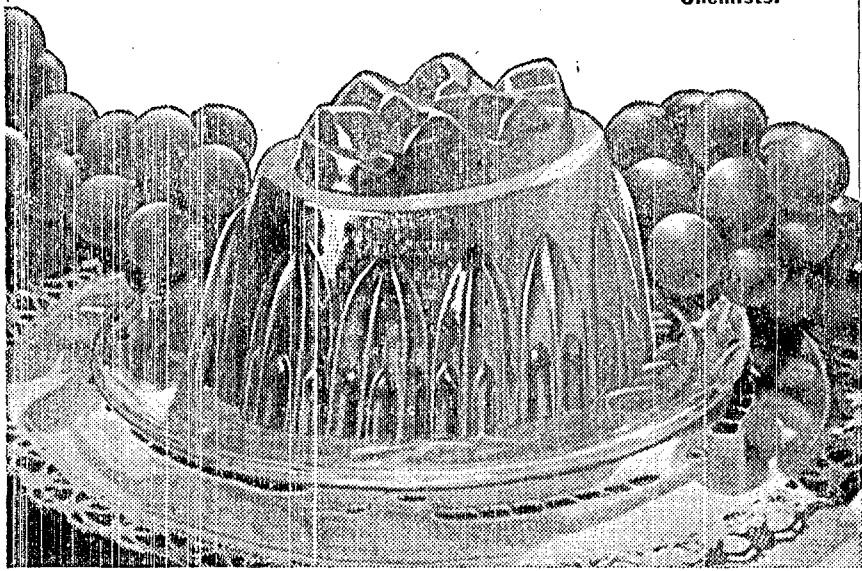
Children love Wincarnis Wine Jelly—and it's so good for them. Yet, because it is a *real* Wine Jelly made from the luscious black wine grapes of Sunny Spain, it pleases the most discriminating adult too. If you are offered substitutes, remember that Wincarnis has a bouquet and a subtlety of flavour which no "so-called" wine jelly can imitate.

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## Uncle Odol's Lucky List

### SEPTEMBER'S PRIZE WINNERS

These fortunate boys and girls have been awarded presents for the September Painting Competition:—

**BOYS.**  
Clifford Knapp, North Featherstone, Pontefract.  
Thomas Barratt, Oldham, Lancs.  
George Henry Chubb, nr. Grimsby, Lincs.  
Arthur Dallaway, Small Heath, Birmingham.

**GIRLS.**  
Geoff Robert Pugh, Guernsey, Channel Isles.  
William H. Dille, Southsea, Hants.  
Alfred Banyard, Hull, East Yorks.  
Gordon Albert Latter, Spennymoor, Durham.

**BOYS.**  
Elsie Roper, Winton, Cumberland.  
Kathleen Grace Palmer, Peterborough.  
Vivian Hope Fuller, Maidstone, Kent.  
Olive Fletcher, Tockwith, nr. York.  
Barbara J. Barwell, Maldon, Essex.  
Eileen Pampurey, Langcliffe, Yorkshire.  
Noreen Dorman, North Harrow, Mx.  
Violet Merryweather, Whisandine Station, Leicester-shire.  
Elizabeth Florence Shaw, Toll End, Tipton.  
Inge Dorothea Rosey Simon, Golders Green, London, N.W.11.  
Eve Merryweather, Whisandine Station, Leicester-shire.  
Sheila Maclean Rose, Carlisle.

**GIRLS.**  
Marion Barnes, Wigan, Lancs.  
Brenda Agnes Wood, Sparkhill, Birmingham, 11.  
Mary Strange, Rowstock, nr. Didcot, Berks.  
Hazel Graig Johnston, Liscard, Wallasey.  
Molly Field, Hall Green, Birmingham.  
Molly Kavanagh, Kildare.  
Peggy Muriel Norton, Lingwood.  
Iris Millicent Percival, Worcester.  
Muriel Barnard, Chesham, Manchester.  
Jean M. W. Barwell, Maldon, Essex.  
Molly Howlands, Norton-on-Tees, Durham.  
May Holmes, Oldham, Lancs.  
Agnes Waldron, Reading, Berks.  
Mabel Winifred Petchey, Orrell Park, Liverpool, 9.  
Gwendoline Mary Hoare, Hatfield, Herts.

### DON'T MISS THE EASY OCTOBER COMPETITION

Be sure to ask mother to get you a sixpenny tube of ODOL Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice, together with the free Painting Book. There are hundreds of lovely prizes for the competition. See if you can win one this time—it's so easy and great fun.

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Shrieks of excitement! For only 27 coupons (24 coupons and Free voucher\*).



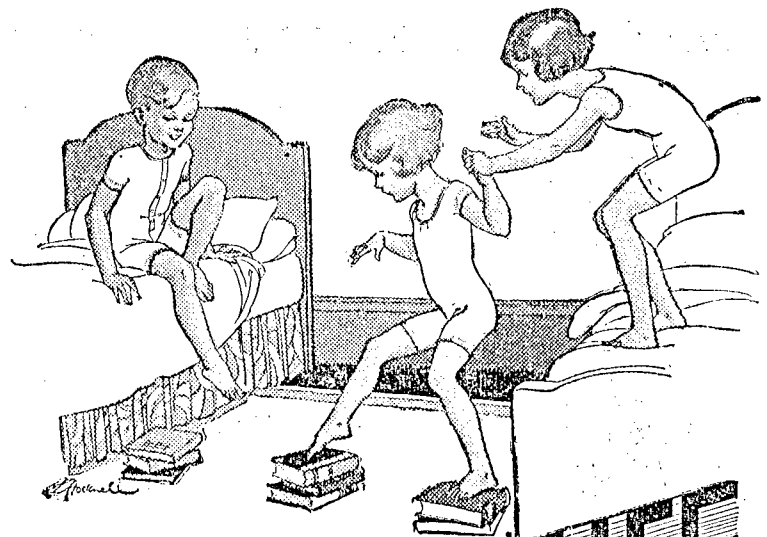
### READ THIS, MOTHER!

Do you know that Rowntree's is the cocoa that is so digestible it actually digests other food eaten with it? It's economical, too—you only need half a teaspoonful, 5½d. per 1-lb. tin with 3 FREE GIFT COUPONS. Make sure your children get all the good from the food you give them. Change to Rowntree's... today!

### ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

Simply ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious Cocoa. Inside every 1-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Save these up, and very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Valuable gifts—very few coupons. Show this page to mother now!

\*Write at once to ROWNTREE & CO. LTD., YORK, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts No. FC6, with FREE VOUCHER value 3 COUPONS



## CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN

Ask for particulars of the

### CHILPRUFE RENOVATION SERVICE

The adventurous child has all the fun—but what if adventure means danger to health? Chilprufe Underwear saves equally from enervating heat and chill-inviting scantiness. A highly porous Pure Wool Fabric, as gentle as a caress, perfectly adjusted in weight, instantly yielding to active bodies. Time after time, Chilprufe washes without a single fault, and its details are truly admirable.

Please ask your Agent for the NEW

### ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

The CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO. (John A. Bolton, Proprietor), LEICESTER

### 2,000 PATIENTS WEEKLY

attend our two dispensaries. Very many of them are poor and needy **slum children**. 6 Doctors and 2 Dispensers are employed constantly.

Please send a generous contribution to The Rev. PERCY INESON (Superintendent), EAST END MISSION, CENTRAL HALL, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1

delicious *Within's*  
**CREMONA**  
STANDARD  
ASSORTMENT  
FIFTY-FIFTY-TOFFEE and CHOCOLATE

## A HALF TIME REFRESHER



## WRIGLEY'S

bucks you up...

keeps you fresh



1d PER PKT

Everybody likes the delicious Wrigley flavour that lasts... and lasts. It is good for you, too, an ideal "steadier," thirst quencher and sweetmeat. A pellet of Wrigley's revives you when you're feeling tired and parched. Try it for "half-time." In two famous flavours—P.K. and Spearmint.

BRITISH MADE



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 13, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

## THE BRAN TUB

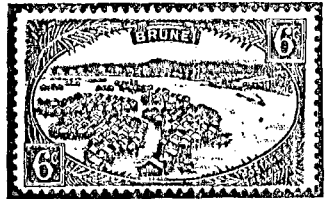
### The Treasure

THREE explorers on an island dug up a pirate's buried treasure. There were 21 boxes, all exactly the same size, seven being full of gold, seven empty, and seven half full.

How did they divide the treasure among them without moving any of the gold from box to box so that each had an equal amount of gold and an equal number of boxes? *Answer next week*

### Houses Over the Water

THIS stamp, issued by Brunei, a State under British protection in North-West Borneo, shows a view of old Brunei town, where all



the houses are built on piles above the water. The natives go from one house to another by means of boats.

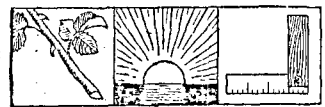
### Word-Changing

FOUR letters make up me,  
Yet thousands I contain.  
Behatted, I possess;  
Curtailed, then rope is plain.  
A preposition greet;  
Two compass points complete.  
*Answer next week*

### Eggs

THE ling lays on an average over 26,000,000 eggs during the spawning period, while the herring averages only 36,000. Turbot is second, averaging over 9,000,000 eggs, and next comes the cod with an average of 5,000,000 eggs.

### Ici On Parle Français



Il y a des épines sur cette tige.  
Elle admire ce coucher de soleil.  
Une équerre forme un angle droit.

### The Foggiest Places

THOSE of us who grumble about a few days fog hardly realise how lucky we are not to live in a part of the world where it is always foggy.

There are certain islands in the South Atlantic used by sealers

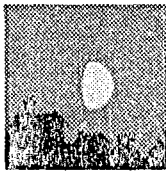
and whalers which are screened all the year round by more or less dense clouds of fog and mist. This is due to the warm air from the Atlantic striking the cold of the Antarctic. No man has glimpsed the South Shetland group as a whole, or even seen one of the islands in its entirety. The harder the winds blow the more the fog banks roll up, and the only sunshine is when there is a break for a few moments in the dense clouds.

### Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in crowbar but not in lift,  
My second's in shaken but not in sift,  
My third is in ladle but not in spoon,  
My fourth is in planet but not in Moon,  
My fifth is in adder but not in snake,  
My sixth is in boiling but not in bake,  
My seventh's in windy but not in breeze,  
My eighth is in chilly but not in sneeze,  
My ninth is in paddle but not in row,  
My whole is a Northern land you know.  
*Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Saturn is in the South and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the East and Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, October 17.



### Next Week in the Countryside

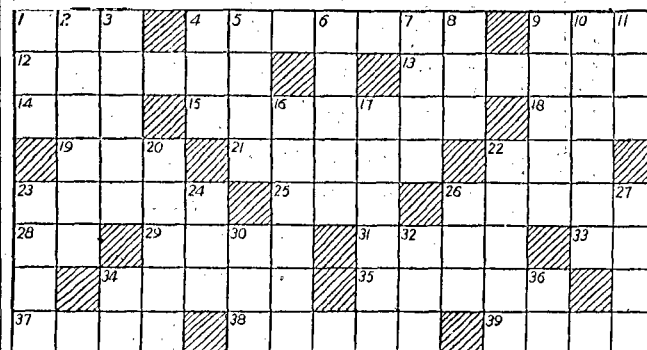
THE last swallows and martins are seen. The yellowhammer begins to sing again. Ladybirds hibernate. The leaves of the Lombardy poplar, aspen, hazel, elder, and Virginia creeper are falling, and the lime tree is bare. The leaves of the dogwood turn red. The sun spurge is in blossom.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Hundred Copies 2, 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23.  
Behadings Near, ear, Clock, lock, Never, ever.  
Riddle in Rhyme Victory  
Double Acrostic in Pictures  
Petro L  
Aeroplane  
Row-boat  
Car  
Engine  
Line R

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Appropriate. 4. To affect deeply. 9. Definite article. 12. A reliquary. 13. A bird. 14. To move with haste. 15. A kind of sauce. 18. Officers Training Corps. 19. An industrious insect. 21. A giant. 22. To sever. 23. Small tree of riverside and marshland. 25. Used for cleaning floors. 26. An inn. 28. You and me. 29. Torpid. 31. Two of a kind. 33. Royal Academician. 34. Active. 35. A literary composition. 37. Part of a roof. 38. These rank next to bishops. 39. A fissure which admits water.

Reading Down. 1. Incombustible residue. 2. Small glass bottles. 3. To extend in a particular direction. 4. Liquid used for writing. 5. Fit. 6. The right-hand page of an open book. 7. Drawn out and twisted into threads. 8. To undermine. 9. Fish of the salmon family. 10. Much warmer. 11. And so on. 16. Quality of sound of voice or instrument. 17. To occur. 20. Strained to stiffness. 22. Hard substance made by tiny sea creatures. 23. Father's sister. 24. A wheel track in soft earth. 26. Belonging to him. 27. Deficiency. 30. At equal distance from extremes. 32. Member of horse family. 34. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 36. Old form of you.

## Dr MERRYMAN

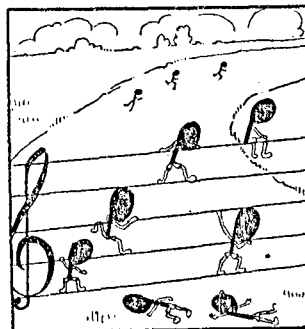
### It Usually Is

THEY were talking about the weather, and Harry summed up the situation.  
"It strikes me that the usual unusual weather has been more unusual than usual this year," he said.

### Compliments

TOM: I think you are the cleverest man I know.  
BOB: Sorry I can't return the compliment.  
TOM: You could if you told as big a fib as I did.

### Quick Step



WE must hurry, said the Little Notes,  
This five-barred gate we have to climb.  
Some were sharp and some fell flat,  
But all of them finished the run in time.

### Mean

JOHNSON looked up from his paper.  
"It says here that a man had returned to him a £100 note that he'd lost, and he didn't offer the finder a reward. The height of meanness, I call it."  
"I don't think so," replied Jackson. "When old Skinfint's pocket-book containing £250 was returned to him he went for the finder because he didn't pay interest on the money."

### Good Salesman

A MAN entered a hotel and asked the reception clerk:  
"Will you kindly tell me if there is a Mr John Smithson staying here?"  
The clerk had until recently been a shop assistant. He looked through the list of guests and shook his head.  
"I'm afraid not, sir," he said; "but I have something just as good."

## BLACK TOM

of a policeman?" cried Ann, excitedly.

"Yes. Rather dreadful, wasn't it? Now tell me what you are doing here alone."  
Michael told her about Dad and the lunch.

"You must be famished," she cried. "I know a topping little place where they keep ices, jellies, creams, and chocolate éclairs. What about it?"  
The children beamed.  
It was while they were enjoying their lunch that she explained how she had recognised them.

"It was Black Tom that caught my eye first," she confessed. "I have never forgotten that strange black doll. So it was really Tom who introduced us all today."

Ann gave her brother a triumphant look. "So, you see, he is some use," she said.

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ANN hugged Black Tom tight. Michael called her a silly baby for loving her doll so much. Ann didn't care; and today she was feeling especially happy, for she and Black Tom, with Dad, Mums, and Michael, were in the train, on their way to their new home.

They were nearing a big town when Mums thought the children must be hungry. She said she would get out at the next station and buy some lunch.

Dad went with her, and so, telling Michael and Ann to sit still, they hastened off to the Refreshment Room.

It was fun to watch people bustling about the platform. Dad and Mums were a long time coming, but the children were quite happy until suddenly the train began to move.

"Well, that's done it!" said Michael. "We've no tickets, no Dad, no anything!"  
"Except Black Tom," murmured Ann.

"Black Tom! A lot of good he is!" cried her brother.

The journey that had begun so happily had become a miserable one. They had never travelled alone before. They were worried and a little frightened.

By and by the train stopped and a man opened the door.

"If your name's West you're to stay here till your people come," he said.

He lifted the luggage on to the platform, and the children sat together on a suitcase, feeling very forlorn.

A lady and gentleman who were standing near noticed them. "What a picture they make!" the lady said. "Why,

I believe they're Mary West's children! I saw a fair-haired little girl once with an old-fashioned name. Jane? No, Ann. The child had a black boy doll in her arms."

She hastened across the platform. "Is your name West, my dears?" she asked. Michael raised his cap politely. "Yes. I am Michael West, and this is my sister Ann," he said.

"This is Black Tom!" added Ann.

"Fathead!" muttered her brother.

"I knew I was right," said the lady. "I was at school with your mother. Have you ever heard of Bessie Partlet?"

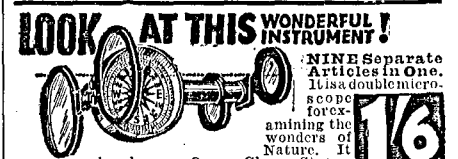
"The little girl who rang a runaway ring at the Dean's front door and round the corner ran right into the arms

## NOVELTY BARGAINS

FROM ELLISDON &amp; SON'S CATALOGUE

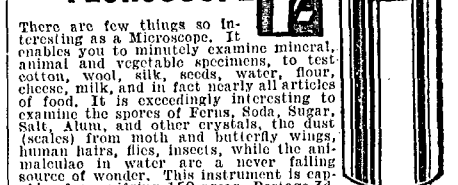
## BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling friends.



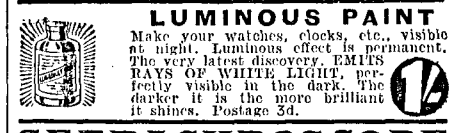
LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT!

There are few things so interesting as a Microscope. It enables you to minutely examine mineral, animal and vegetable specimens, to test cotton, wool, silk, seeds, water, flour, cheese, milk, and in fact nearly all articles of food. It is exceedingly interesting to examine the spores of Ferns, Soda, Sugar, Salt, Alum, and other crystals, the dust (scales) from moth and butterfly wings, human hairs, flies, insects, while the animalcules in water are a never failing source of wonder. This instrument is capable of magnifying 150 areas. Postage 3d.



## PERISCOPE

Look over the heads of the tallest men in a crowd. See over a fence, around corners, etc. Lots of fun and amusement. Strongly made. Equipped with Mirrors, Sight-flinder and Eyepiece. It measures 12 inches long and a little over 2 inches wide, and with ordinary care should last a lifetime. Postage 3d.



## LUMINOUS PAINT

Make your watches, clocks, etc., visible at night. Luminous effect is permanent. The very latest discovery. EMITS RAYS OF WHITE LIGHT, perfectly visible in the dark. The darker it is the more brilliant it shines. Postage 3d.



## POWERFUL BINOCULARS

We are able to make a special concession price for these Binoculars as we are direct importers and definitely save you the Whole. They are of the highest quality, made, optically dependable and pleasing in appearance. Jointed barrels provide for interocular adjustment. Universal focusing by means of thumb-screw. The lenses give good vision, undistorted and free from colour. For Camping, Fishing, and outings of all kinds they are a wonderful convenience. Postage 3d.



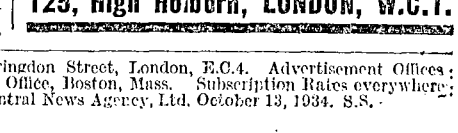
## THE KNIFE THAT BITES!

Here's One Every Boy Needs. It's an all-round practical tool. Contains ever-sharp forged steel blade, tin opener, corkscrew, screwdriver, glass cutter, punch, and reamer blade, and has a chain ring. You'll be reaching for it a dozen times a day.



## JUMPING BEAN

One of Nature's greatest curiosities. They wriggle, move, jump, flop over, etc. You can have hours of fun with these strange freaks of nature. Postage 2d.



## DANCING SKELETON

A figure of a skeleton 14 inches high. Dances and performs various gyrations at your will. Post 2d.

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